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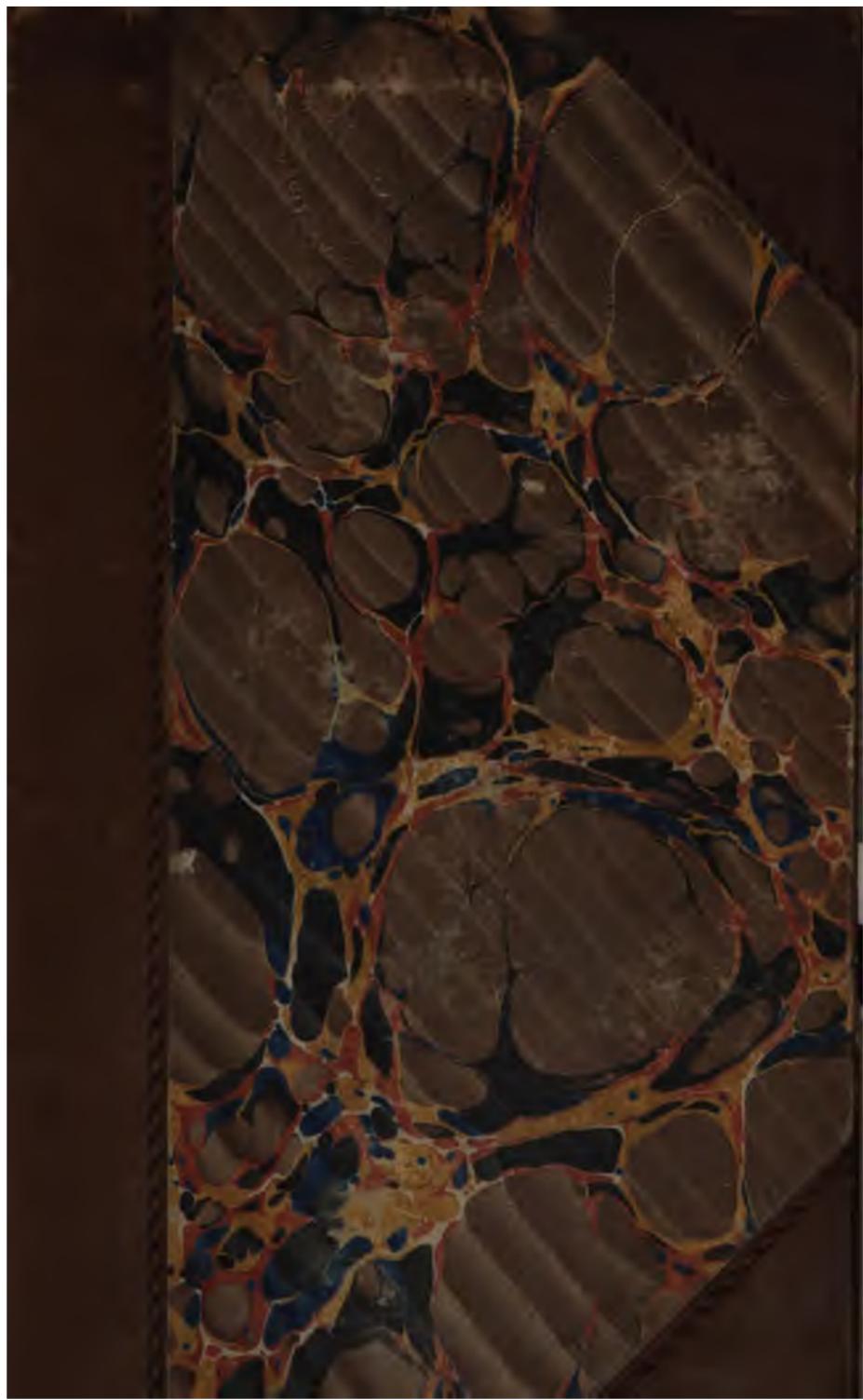
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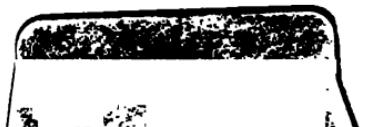
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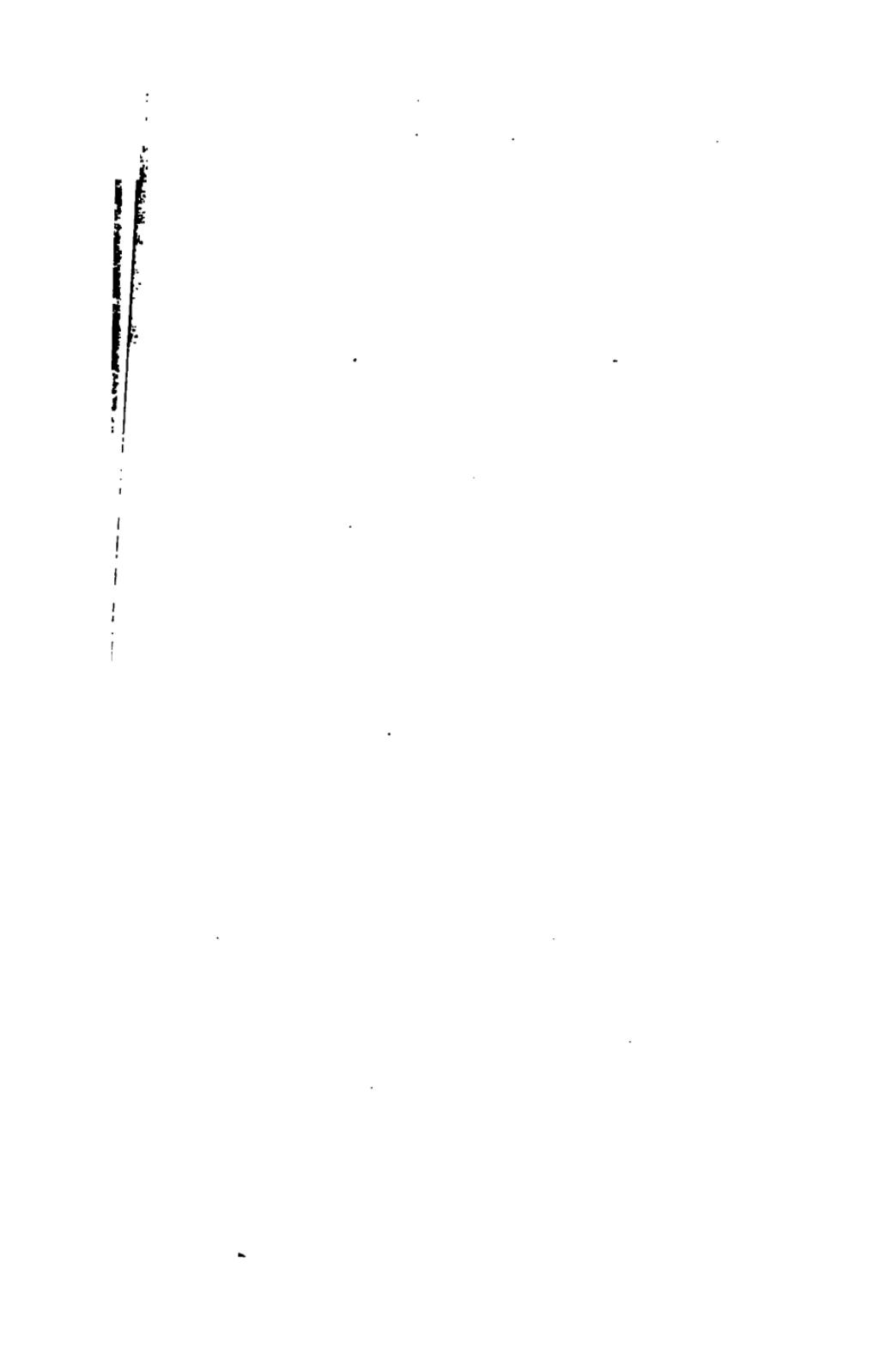
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GLASTONBURY

ABBEY;

A Poem.



TAUNTON:

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1828.

858.



Introduction.

The Author in submitting the following Poem to the Public, acknowledges that he is indebted to Mr. Warner's interesting Publication for the information more immediately relating to Glastonbury Abbey, and has rather endeavoured to connect its importance with the periods during which it flourished than to adhere to its individual history.



Glastonbury Abbey.

HERE in this solitary place
'Tis sweet the sport of age to trace,
Where Art hath now her craft foregone,
And blunted stands the chisell'd stone,
Where(1) holy Joseph's boasted fane
Moulders upon the wasted plain,
And Superstition prostrate falls
Beneath the weight of ruin'd walls—
Behold ! with what expansion vast
The portal braves the northern blast,
While round the arch the sculpture leads,
How gracefully each wreath recedes,
Where Fancy hath with touch refin'd
O'er sainted heads her foliage twin'd,
With many a fabled steed between
Replenishing the circled scene—

Here peacefully the Abbot lies,
There arm'd insatiate Warriors rise,
Anon within the train are strew'd
Crown, mitre, pillow, couch, and rood,
To show with figurative pride
How Monarchs reign'd, and Patrons died—

The adverse port, though not less chaste,
With sparer imagery trac'd,
Its tufted flow'rs and leafy bands
In one continuous curve expands—
Oh ! fearful project, where beneath,
Awak'd by Heav'ns creative breath,
Man upward looks with life blood warm
Upon his Maker's awful form—
Hard by with fruit extending hands
Eve with her mate deluded stands,
In ambush at their guilty trance
The Tempter darts his joyous glance—
Fain did the Sculptor's fancy dare
To shadow forth th' attainted pair,
When in th' essay Death came between,
(2) Nipt the ripe thought, and clos'd the scene—

Well suited seems each giant gate
Th' interior pomp to indicate,
Where fascias cast in beauty's mould
And smooth pilasters oft foretold
The brighter forms, and state immense,
Which burst upon the ravish'd sense,
Where still, though time-worn, Gothic grace
With Norman strength holds equal place,
And on the vault that yawns below
Quaint⁽⁸⁾ windows bickering shadows throw,
While corbel heads in high array
The changeful march of Age display—
Here, though no graven tomb appears
To gloss the tide of human years,
Lie Tenants of each chequer'd life,
Ambition, Virtue, Glory, Strife.

Eastward adown a lengthen'd lawn
An unconnected line is drawn
Where join'd yon distant pile of old,
But browzes now the peaceful fold—
There stands the Choir's imperfect shell,
Where Harmony's diurnal swell
Oft rous'd Devotion's failing pow'rs,

Or plum'd with joy the leaden hours,
Or where perchance its thrilling sound
Renew'd some half forgotten wound
Of tender glance or honey'd tongue
When thoughts were free, and days were young
Or, sooth'd by the melodious tide,
Distressful Conscience turn'd aside,
And, lost in spiritual despair,
Found a terrestrial Heaven there;
And thither too hath Sculpture brought
Her treasur'd pow'rs of work and thought,
And led an ever varying train
Of garlands round the pillar'd fane,
Where most conspicuous interweaves
The oak its cup, and cluster'd leaves.

But lo ! along the greensward plain
Yon giant columns, brethren twain,
Disdainful with its fall to bow,
(4)The central tow'r uprear'd, and show
That there, now steep'd in Time's repose,
More mighty works of Science rose,
Where transept, chancel, aisle, and nave
Have crumbled in one common grave,

Or where the⁽⁵⁾ Traveller treads his way
Are blended with their kindred clay—

Island of ⁽⁶⁾Avalon ! of yore
The seat of pow'r, and hallow'd lore,
Erst wont in stern monastic pride
To frown upon the lashing tide,
Thine ⁽⁷⁾Ocean hath retrac'd his way
Far from the sight of thy decay,
And, where his course he lov'd to speed,
Now smiles the cool and placid mead;
Not now thy ships their booming sail
Expand before the northern gale,
Nor fraught with gems and precious ore
Lean tow'rd thy once attractive shore,
Not now each rich and varied dye
Glows in thy gorgeous sacristy,
Nor there to the admiring gaze
The cope its velvet pomp displays,
Upon whose broider'd skirt was seen
The ⁽⁸⁾popin jay of glossy green,
With many a bird of gaudy plume
Inweav'd on Fancy's quaintest loom ;
No more, the brilliant show to crown.

Glitters the Virgin's tissued gown,
Nor on thine Altar fring'd with gold
Is spread the satin's emerald fold—
No cloisters now with alleys deep
Along the bordering garden sweep,
Nor almonry of boundless store
Relieves the sick, regales the poor,
No more the legendary stall
Far rang'd slopes down the letter'd wall,
Nor Youth in Music's rapturous school
Lisps out her elemental rule—
Sudden as in its merry prime
The marriage bell withdraws its chime,
Or th' icicle's fantastic form
Dissolves before the drenching storm,
So in thy pride's ecstatic round
Shrank each full charm of sight or sound.

Island of Avalon ! no more
Thy porch unfolds its ponderous door,
Where Pilgrims throng'd in weary line
To bow before the Virgin's shrine,
Nor minstresly and carol sweet
Now linger in thy silent street.

No more th' acclaim of wild delight
Rings at thine Abbey's welcome sight,
Where the (9)gemm'd Sapphire wont to flare
Proud as the sun in upper air;
No longer th' aromatic pile
Of incense breathes along the aisle,
No banners pendulous display
The storied deeds of elder day,
Nor rolls the diapason's march
Majestic down the fretted arch,
Now drives the shrill and eager wind
Through windows colourless and blind,
That on the solemn scene below
Shed forth a soft and varied glow;
Warm with the limner's vivid skill
No tablatures the wainscot fill,
Nor galaxies in heav'nly pride
Along the pencil'd ceiling ride—

Silenc'd is now the voice of pray'r,
For ever quench'd the banquet's glare,
Where way-worn Palmer's waxed strong
Amid the glad luxurious threng,
And minstrels with light madrigal

Wak'd to loud mirth the rapturous hall,
Where mask'd in sober hood and cowl
Monks revell'd round the sparkling bowl,
(10) And him, who could its glut withstand,
E'en sear'd with persecution's brand—
Seasons of riot, and disgust!—
Your monument outlives the dust,—
Lo! where the crackling furnace gleam'd,
And many a dainty viand steam'd,
Where funnels rise of spacious room
To roll on high the cloudy fume,
Where rafter, beam, nor peg doth hold
The burden of its rock built mould,
(11) Yon dome peers o'er the waste of Time
To mark the glutton's deathless crime—
As started fresh from Sculpture's hands
In pristine form the fabric stands,
Yet how more beauteous in decay
Each sacred arch and turret gray,
Around whose ivy tresses flings
The sighing breeze its fitful wings,
And seems of choral sounds to tell
Of vesper soft, and matin bell,
While Contemplation loves to trace

On History's half averted face
 The beams which scarce discern'd adorn
 The rise of pure Religion's morn—
 How weakly strives the radiant plume
 Of Truth to clear that epoch's gloom,
 And waft from Superstition's night
 Th' impalpable and scanty light!
 Yet some with zeal or vain respect
 Cull every flow'r by Fancy deckt,
 And with impatient gasp receive
 The dregs which darkest Ages leave,
 While with imaginative eye
 They through mysterious records pry,
 And nourish many a darling thought
 By pride of self distinction wrought—

Ofttimes as when the Connoisseur
 With eager pains and eye unsure
 Among the canvass' aged hues
 Some favorite Painter's touch pursues,
 Which now with tint no longer warm
 But faintly shows th' historic form,
 So would I snatch one living ray
 From Revelation's orient day,

And on Tradition's fragments raise
A trophy to her dawning praise ;
So would I now in fancy hail
*Th' Apostle's heav'n directed sail,
And here with adoration greet
His meek and gloom dispelling feet—
For 'tis avert'd ere haughty Rome
Prepar'd his crown of martyrdom,
When last she op'd her iron heart,
And bade th' imprison'd Saint depart,
Through western realms he went to strew
Of Righteousness the oral dew—
But then the soil was cold and drear—
If e'er it fell, 'twas frozen here.
Some, zealous of more distant fame,
Arimathean Joseph claim
As he who from Judæa cast,
An exile reft of sail or mast,
Of every gale and tide the sport,
First drifted to (12)Massilia's port,
Thence hither brought th' immortal word,
And wak'd to light a Druid horde—

But 'tis not mine to sing, if then
The devotee forsook his den,
And steep'd in sacrifice no more
The falchion blush'd with human gore,
Or spoils, from bleeding foemen wrung,
No longer round each idol hung,
Or livelier scenes began to glow
Than orgies crowned with mistletoe,
Or whither from the silent dead
Transferr'd the vagrant spirit fled—
A theme more grateful woos my strain
Than souls debas'd, and victims slain—

When with his holy brethren came
That Saint to spread the Gospel's flame,
'Tis said a pitying Angel heard
Their daily voice to Heav'n preferr'd
For refuge whither to repair
For praises due and secret pray'r,
And bade them in that hour of need
Entwine the alder wand and reed,
And here an oratory frame
To Mary's ever blessed name—
When soon a temple rude and green
Uprose amid a watery scene,

And little seem'd foundation meet
For Mammon's fane that simple seat.
But let, where first he sank to rest,
(13) Yon hill the miracle attest,
What day his ever living rod
He planted in the frozen sod
On winter's deep its lot was cast,
Around it whirl'd the bitter blast,
Meanwhile exchang'd for wither'd wood
A thorn in Summer's blossom stood;
Of every future lawn the pride
Its scions sprang, and multiplied,
And while that plant repeats its flow'r
To greet the Saviour's natal hour,
Well nigh it seems the only form
Now spar'd by Desolation's storm,
Save that beneath an arch of stone,
Where Saracenic art is shown,
Fair as th' Arician nymph appears
Dissolving in a bath of tears,
Chaste as Siloam's pool, (14)a well
Lies in a deep sequester'd cell,
Where ag'd and feeble Palmers sank,
And life recruiting water drank,

While warriors maim'd from Palestine
 Crowded around the limpid shrine,
 There to recount the valorous tale,
 Or Strength's luxuriant flow inhale—
 And though its surface cool and pure
 May still the faded lip allure,
 Yet ah! no health's returning blood
 Now mantles o'er the crystal flood.

Yet record of an after age
 Lives on the legend's jealous page,
 How⁽¹⁵⁾ a sad wight by sore disease
 Long vex'd, and dreamy agonies,
 Awak'd convuls'd with phthisic pain—
 Blam'd his ill fate—and doz'd again—
 The while in thought a track he spied,
 Where by its edge a mimic tide
 Of sunny waters gurgled down
 To the near gates of Ayalon,
 So clear that with its buoyancy
 Danc'd every object gliding by
 Of steed or car's impetuous flight
 Reflected to his mazy sight—
 He stoop'd of the blue rill to drink—
 When, as he rose, upon the brink

A Phantom, pointing to a stone,
 Thus spake in grave prophetic tone—
 “First fasting, for seven Sabbaths’ space
 “Quaff daily at that holy place,
 “And by the Saints who in that ground
 “Sleep blessedly, thou shalt be sound”—
 Anon it talk’d of Jordan’s stream,
 And Christ baptiz’d—whereat his dream
 With that imperfect spell was broke—
 And with a Seer’s faith he woke—
 Enough—the precept was obey’d—
 Story yet notes the healing shade,
 Where magic deeds of later term
 The boast of ancient years confirm—

Clearer th’ enthusiast’s hope of fame
 Developes at (16)Saint Patrick’s name—
 Blest Guardian of the emerald Isle,
 Restorer of the sacred pile !
 ’Twas thine to call from sullen night
 The meagre Saint, and anchorite,
 ’Twas thine by friendship’s soft control
 To lead the stern ascetic soul,
 To tread the hill’s impervious maze,
There pass thy ritual life in praise,

In fasting, watching, pray'r, and dust,
 Subduing every fleshly lust—
 By mandate warn'd in ghostly dream,
 'Twas thine from ruin to redeem
 St. Michael's Spirit-erected tow'r,
 To ope to light its sylvan bow'r,
 And thy fraternal band invite
 To join in that laborious rite,
 When, token sure of Heav'n's command,
 No longer staid thy wither'd hand,
 But fell with ponderous overthrow
 The forest 'neath thine axe's blow,
 Where oft the (17) Beltin far and wide
 Had gilt the mount's umbrageous side,
 Then up the slope the beam of day
 With one unbroken current lay,
 And smil'd the warring Angel's fane
 Unmask'd upon the glassy plain—
 And hence the wand'ring Palmer first,
 When fainting with religious thirst,
 The goal of tedious penance won
 Before thy gates— fair Avalon !

Exploits of visionary pow'r !
 Ye ceas'd not in (18) Saint David's hour—

What time before the Altar's blaze
 Was strain'd the crowds impatient gaze,
 There he prepar'd in mitred state
 The Virgin's church to consecrate—
 Scarce had the censer's wreathy flame
 Breath'd incense to her hallow'd name,
 When, by Messiah's touch impress'd,
 Upheld his pierced palm confess'd
 That there a mightier Priest had been
 To sanctify that mystic scene—
 (A previous due by Jesus paid
 In secret to his Mother's shade.)

Such were those days of sacred gloom,
 When though for song seems slender room,
 Yet on that drear benighted time
 Have Poets built the lyrie rhyme,
 By harpers tun'd through regions wide,
 From (19)Mona to (20)Antona's tide,
 Whence at the mind's reverted glance
 Fantastic dreams of old advance,
 Legends of Arthur's chivalrous reign,
 Of dragon, or enchanter slain,
 Which cherish'd in our boy-hood's hour,
 Come cloth'd with all their pristine pow'r—

From such an Hero Spenser caught
His earliest gleam of fairy thought,
And thence a faultless model drew
Which Monarchs might in vain pursue,
When, Goddess of each typic scene,
Shone forth in (21) " Glory " Albion's Queen,
Enamour'd of that perfect Knight
Promp with the sword's avengeful might
From guilt the helpless maid to clear,
Or crown with smiles the orphan's tear ;
While some have seiz'd the lyre to tell
How his false kinsman Mordred fell,
And how on Carman's gory day
Entranc'd the son of Uther lay,
What time the (22) matron nymph convey'd
His viewless corse to Glaston's shade,
Where from his cist, when d'Anjou call'd,
The risen chief each eye appall'd,
And in the altar's niche display'd
His godlike form, and massive blade.—
Whether to lead the vocal choir,
Or wake to life the sleeping lyre,
To grace the court, or wield the spear,
Where was illustrious Arthur's peer ?

"Twas his to quell the Painim's rage,
 T' adorn the deep scholastic page,
 To him each wandering star was known
 That courses round Heav'n's azure throne,
 The vital juice of various flow'r,
 The Witch's charm, the Sorcerer's pow'r,
 'Twas his to scan each rite divine,
 In every work of love to shine—
 On Fancy's picture never dies
 His giant mould, and enterprise,
 Of which, foregone in manhood's prime,
 The lisping babe resumes the chime.

Come fairy Muse! in fabled verse
 If yet unroll'd, a tale rehearse,
 A priestly fraud, an act of ruth,
 Design'd to seal the (23) Papist's truth,
 And bid one spark of minstrel flame
 Kindle at Arthur's magic name.

(24) Where on an high and sloping down
 Spring had her flow'ry carpet thrown,
 Ere shepherd yet had penn'd his fold,
 Or thrush her broken vesper told,

Ere yet the lazy daw had fled
Fast prattling to his rocky bed,
Or distant Curfew's chime was clos'd,
The Lion Monarch there repos'd—
Stretch'd to the north in far array
The cluster'd tow'rs of Glaston lay,
Where many a spire and window bright
Twinkled beneath the verge of light,
Imbued in Evening's purple stream
Old Mendip's heights return'd their gleam,
And on the glowing landscape threw
The softness of their deeper hue,
There with his steel-clad visor rais'd
Upon th' enchanting scene he gaz'd,
When beam'd upon his ravish'd sight
Enrob'd in dew an Angel sprite,
Beauteous as on Anchises' son
Elissa's fairy image shone,
Or Cypria's emergent ray
With smiles imbath'd the silvery spray,
And thus from lips prophetic fell
The music of her mystic spell—
“ Silurian ! when the rosy streak
“ Of Morn o'er Joseph's mount shall break,

“ Along the depths of yonter glen
 “ Go, seek the fane of (25) Magdalén—
 “ There at her oratory bow,
 “ There dedicate thy penance-vow”—

Intent upon the pious deed
 Slowly he swept the hoary mead,
 Pensive his step, as that which bore
 Sad Chryses down the echoing shore,
 Stately, as when the Theban God
 Up fam'd Citheron's mountain trod,
 Glar'd as a meteor through the field
 The brightness of his studded shield,
 His scabbard rang and iron mail
 Like thunder on the springing gale ;
 Along th' enamell'd aisle he went,
 And lowly at the altar bent—
 Not yet in sacramental vest
 Array'd the Priest his Monarch guest
 Espied, and gave him station high
 Beneath a golden canopy,
 Where, though enthron'd in solemn state,
 Fast wept that humble Potentate,
 And meekly, in repentant mood,
Each soft response, and pray'r renew'd—

Rob'd in full lawn the Minister
The burnish'd sanctuary drew near—
The missal scarcely was unclasp'd,
Or consecrated wafer grasp'd,
When straining to her Virgin breast
A babe in swathing mantle drest,
Encircled by a glorious flood
Of light, the blessed Mary stood—
Engag'd in each mysterious rite
Around her shone more softly bright
Each taper, and the Chantry's lay
In tones Seraphic died away—
Now to the Offertory turn'd
The Priest with deep devotion burn'd,
When on the sacred cloth she laid
Her victim child—the blessing said,
No *emblematic* Host he lies,
Of *real* flesh the sacrifice—
There they partook of (26)carnal food,
And drank *indeed* the Saviour's blood—
The Mass concludes—on Cherub's wings
Intire and free the infant springs,
And in his Mother's warm embrace
Nestles his fair and spotless face—

But hence each vain unhallow'd charm,
 The nurse's tale, the babe's alarm!--
 See where, to mock each fam'd emprise,
 (27) One mutilated Lion lies,
 Which erst upheld a coffin'd Lord,
 Whom Abbots wept, and Saints ador'd—

Dark and malignant was the day
 That mark'd the Saxon's early sway,
 When Murder walk'd the barren heath,
 Clench'd his red hand, and gnash'd his teeth,
 Nor thought of penitential vow
 To expiate the trait'rous blow,
 But in the luxury of blood
 Found all that seem'd most blest or good,
 Or when he dreamt of brimmers full
 On couches quaff'd from Christian skull,
 And the loud clarion's endless call
 In Woden's bright ethereal hall,
 Or when before the fiery cloud
 Of Thor with fearful praise he bow'd,
 Or haply to the moon-beam pale
 Renew'd his pray'r and amorous wail,
 Until from Rome's polluted spring
 Came Image show, and offering,

When half converted Constantine
 Grac'd with the Cross his marshall'd line,
 And Superstition's Hydra crest,
 Pestiferous stretch'd from East to West ;
 'Twas then before a foreign pall
 Content to fawn, to cow'r, to fall,
 To Saint or Priest the votary fled
 To snatch his garment's single shred,
 And keep it as a lov'd heir-loom,
 More precious than an Angel's plume,
 His foot on bended knee to kiss,
 And deem the right no mortal bliss,
 When Britons too the grace preferr'd
 Of baubles to their Maker's word,
 And, jealous of their slender lore,
 From Pagans screen'd th' eternal door.

Upon the billowy ocean cast
 I've o'er its liquid girdle past,
 And to the farthest East I've been,
 And there the works of Mammon seen ;
 I've view'd the Mosque with dazzled eye
 Flaring beneath the golden sky,
 On Kistna's pebbled shore I've sunk,
 And her refreshing waters drunk,

There the Fakeer at morning's gun
 Loud prays before the rising sun,
 And seeks th' eternal soul to save
 Beneath the guilt absolving wave,
 Where streams along the throng'd bizarre
 The swarth Birraggy's matted hair,
 The while his figure bare and foul
 Trembles before the tempest's scowl,
 Where the poor Hindoo crawls from far
 To fall beneath his Moloch's car,
 Or where the fierce untam'd Malay
 (28) Banquets upon his foeman prey,
 (For such to idol service due
 Are rites those savage hordes pursue)
 Thither of old my course I've spann'd
 O'er many a wild and heathen land.

But Avalon ! (and thou may'st know
 Of darker deeds than Fame can show)
 Say was this less the curse of Hell
 That on thine embryon blossom fell,
 With bitter stripes to lash the skin,
 As if by writhing Heav'n to win,
 To glory in the show of shame,
With fastings long to waste the frame,

To triumph o'er the ghastly qualms
Of Conscience by display of alms,
To weep the night in stony tomb,
The day in self created gloom,
To be by changes Hermit, Priest,
Magician, Saint, but Christian least,
Thus marring all that else might seem
Most lovely on the Gospel's stream.

Thrice favor'd Nation of the West !
With Life's true word securely blest,
Thy fullest vintage clothes the ground
Where least its early seed is found—
Now thrifty as the stately Palm,
Thou scatterest thine holy balm,
Outreaching to each weary soul
Thy fruitful arm from Pole to Pole,
And though the loathsome grasp of sloth
Clung rudely round thine infant growth,
With many a rank and noxious weed
That did thy ripening hour impede,
Full well the picture cheers the heart
Of what thou wert, and what thou art.

Blest was the Age whose milder star,
From tiar of Rome reflected far,
Upon thine highlands dark and wild
Rested in peace, and kindly smil'd,
When Gregory sent his Heralds forth
To face the dank and sullen North,
And chase the baneful mist away
Which long had veil'd thy rising day,
And blest was he who then unfurl'd
Truth's standard in the western world,
And Superstition's sons did lead
To higher thought, and purer deed—
Augustine, hail ! repentant Saint !
As the shorn wether, cleans'd from taint
Unwholesome and superfluous wool,
In spotless beauty leaves the pool,
Regenerate from the living spring
Of Grace, with simple offering
Of chaste and dauntless eloquence
Thou cam'st to charm the wayward sense ;
Thou didst to Ethelbert impart
The light which shone in Bertha's heart,
And to one Saviour's vineyard bring
A Christian Queen and Pagan King,

In fanes that teem'd with heathen weed
'Twas thine to rear the Gospel's seed,
Thy delegated trust to prove
By exercise of social love,
To make the substance, not the sound
Of Righteousness by works abound,
Thine was ingenuous Freedom's call,
Constraining none, inviting all—
Meek Champion in Pelagian strife !
With laurels ebb'd thine holy life.
Nor least thou of the Pontiff's choice,
Welcome (29)Paulinus ! by the voice
Of pure Persuasion doom'd to grace
With Edwin's faith the Saxon race,
To tread each idol altar down,
And with the Cross adorn his crown--
Glaston, by (30)Egypt's leav'n defil'd,
For thee her port unclos'd, and smil'd,
And solitary Saints began
To own that man was made for man—
But oh! most glorious for their weal
The hour, when rose with charter seal
(31)Ina, the prince of pow'r and gold,
And gather'd in his scatter'd fold.

Proud jewel in Monastic page,
Resplendent star of chivalrous age,
With heart to give, with arm to save,
In council wise, in battle brave,
Launch'd from thine hand in splendor new
The consecrate asylum grew,
Beauteous, as when with columns bright
Sol's palace spann'd the arch of light,
So teeming with the dazzling store
Of starry gems, and burnish'd ore,
That meeter far for pride than pray'r
Seem'd all that rose, and glitter'd there,
Nor less profuse beneath its pow'r
Earth yielded forth her fruitful show'r,
And herds, in meek submission lain,
Chequer'd with groups the smiling plain.

Oh ! baneful dow'r of pomp and wealth,
When Avarice with encroaching stealth
Beneath Religion's guise crept in,
And mock'd his God in secret sin—
E'en now with gasp insatiate
He thirsted in his golden state,
Nor deign'd his eager hand to pause,
Outstretch'd forsooth— in worship's cause! —

**Better if in the lonely cot
Had been his less aspiring lot,
Better had been his service rude
Paid in the arms of Solitude,
Than on Ambition's deadly shoal
Unblest to strand his fever'd soul—**

**But onward Muse ! through pages rife
With patron Kings and Saints, whose life
With bright expectancy decay'd
Of sepulture in Glaston's shade,
To where the Dane's rapacious host
Fill'd as a swarm the Western coast,
And through seven sceptred Egbert's reign
Forth rush'd with War's tumultuous train.
Oh ! rueful task to trace that foe
Through ages steep'd in blood and woe,
Through fields that now their garnish'd soil
Unrob'd beneath the plunderer's spoil,
And villages, whose bow'rs among
Revell'd the Murderer's savage song,
Through where pursued by curse and blade
Mothers in vain for mercy pray'd,
And, of his fate unconscious, smil'd
In th' arms of Death the speechless child ;**

Or where uprose the flaming pile,
 And crash'd beneath the vaulted aisle,
 And Priests in chains suspensory bow'd
 Their heads before th' exulting crowd—
 'Twas then, ere Alfred's righteous pow'r
 Had boldly stemm'd that stormy hour,
 Proud Avalon ! thou wert doom'd to weep
 O'er many a dear dejected heap,
 When listless, sad, and weary grown
 Of carnage and a widow'd throne,
 Thy sons gave way to secret care,
 And languish'd o'er unanswer'd pray'r—
 But He who tends the naked flock,
 And turns aside the torrent's shock,
 For Ethelwolf's enlighten'd son
 The crown of retribution won.
 E'en now in thought his step is traed
 O'er (82)Æthelingay's marshy waste,
 Where on to Parret's inmost hed.
 A thousand babbling rills are sped,
 Where lurking in the waving sedge,
 The robber whets his sabre's edge,
 Or to the sunless wood with bow
 Far through the fen pursues his foe—

E'en now is dimm'd the Monarch's zeal,
Despondent of his country's weal—
The distant war-cry on his ear
Pealing rebukes the starting tear—
On to the waning strife he leads
His chosen band in peasant weeds,
Where Albion's denizens the field
Of desultory battle yield—
Welcome, as in the tempest's rear
The rainbow, shines his timely spear,
Herald of Vengeance, fleet and brave,
He comes to vanquish, and to save—
With secret triumph down the swamp
They bear him to his lonely camp,
There in the gloom of doubt to wait
The fitful tide of future fate—
Nor long the pause—Lo! where a sword
More weighty gleams for (33)Devon's lord,
And, as upon the winds a rag,
Shivers the Dane's (34)enchanted flag—
See! as its Raven honor flies,
The last lorn hope of victory dies—
To whither pines the patriot King
Fame instant speeds her joyous wing—

By its own depth awhile supprest
The grateful voice within his breast
Struggles, as from the smother'd pyre
First glimmers forth the living fire,
Now Heav'nward fuller utterance gives—
His crown returns—his Israel lives!—
But 'twas not his from solitude
To sally forth, by Glory sued
For fresh emprise, on Triumph's car
With all the glittering pomp of War;
A minstrel provident and bold
He treads the spoiler's fearful hold,
And charms the unsuspecting throng
With racy wit, and festive song—
Now with an Eagle's eye he scans
Each moated fort, now mutely plans
Where best his battle axe may reach
Its centre through the riven breach—
Full well the coming day repays
His servitude with budding bays—
See! where in bristled ranks array'd
His trainband meets in Selwood's glade—
Innumerable shouts the welkin rend—
“*Hail Shepherd lost!—hail, Prince and friend!*”

Forward he points his brandish'd steel—
Forward his death-wing'd columns wheel—
Through braky shade, and rude morass
Th' unhesitating veterans pass
To where unguarded sleeps the Dane
On Eddington's deep tented plain—
As when aloof with still dismay
The trooping deer the pard survey
Entranc'd, ere yet with swiftest flight
Bounding they seek the mountain's height,
So when afar that robber host
Discerns ere now the Monarch lost,
Aghast they stand—they fight awhile—
The panic spreads from file to file—
These in the van despairing die,
Those to the distant rampart fly,
Alike inglorious where is seal'd
Th' alternative—to starve, or yield—
But Mercy, Queen of boundless pow'r,
By merit measures not her dow'r,
Nor from her hand the suppliant spurns
Who least her gracious boon returns—

How pure in virtuous Alfred's breast
Her spirit breath'd, ye deeds attest
Of heathen pravity, that flew
Before the Cross, as scatter'd dew;
Attest it he the leader Dane,
Who, at the font from idol stain
Deterg'd, a two-fold title won—
(35) *A Christian Chief, a Monarch's son;*
Attest it laws, whose equal end
Now joins in peace for foe and friend,
And treasures, that untouch'd outspread
Their lure where spoilers wont to tread,
And desert lands, whose thistles bow
Obsequious to the Pagan's plough,
And cities, in whose spacious street
The victor and the vanquish'd greet,
And Science, who from dismal shade
Recall'd to walk the classic glade,
Her crown rebinds on Isis' shore,
And consecrates her treasur'd lore;
Nor least ye Monasteries! where
Religion sigh'd her lonely pray'r,

And, fostering still the ruin'd tomb,
Shudder'd, and spread her shatter'd plume,
But now with renovated form
More beauteous since Destruction's storm,
Smiles o'er the waste of Death and Scorn,
And seems to breathe a second morn —

But who is this, bright Avalon !
That now revests thy tatter'd throne,—
And to meridian estate
Thy fallen crest doth elevate
Now rising as the (36)watery pier
On Ocean's wilds, when skies are clear
Show'ring its sun lit drops with sweep
Vain boastful on the whirling deep ?
Tis he of sullen brow and eye,
And thought of darkest mystery,
Dunstan — thy sainted history's boast
Proud Chieftain of thy mitred host —
Erst wont the jocund festival
To lead in Edmund's princely hall,
Or gaily give the votive hour
To dallying court in Lady's bow'r,

The Monarch's peat, the rival's jest,
Lov'd, hated, slighted, and caress'd,
Until by Slander's hideous hue
Depicted to the royal view,
He fled to scenes of earlier time,
An exile in his native clime,
And there to th' Anglo Saxon maid
Renew'd beneath the woodbine shade
The vow that all his after pride
Should centre in a promis'd bride,
There pouring on the wispering grove
Breathings of everlasting love,
Or dreaming how his days should pass
As visions from a glozing glass
Reflected to his heedless eye
In forms of bright futurity—
But ah! what time with blissful store
Th' uxorious cup was mantling o'er,
(37)A Serpent with th' illusive thought
Arose, and ban'd the proffer'd draught
Of human shape he rear'd his crest
In Superstition's varnish drest,

Benumbing with insidious tooth
The vital springs of Hope and Youth—
He babbled how the soul should be
Before its Maker *singly* free,
That monstrous would th' accordance prove
Of sanctity with woman's love,
And life to Heav'n when most allied
Was joyless, pain'd, and mortified—
Alarm'd, as when a child first hears
How Death must close his hopeful years,
The Lover's heart half yielding caught
The spell, and sicken'd at the thought,
Till Conscience with unwearied goad
Subversive o'er her victim rode,
And to the cell's benighted shade
His self afflicted soul convey'd—
Now fronted to the rushing air
He stands in rugged shirt of hair,
The compass of his house, his form—
His bed, a stone,—his friend, the storm
Muttering communion with the wind,
The wretched outcast of mankind,

Wearing his hours in worldly hate,
Or pangs of disappointed fate,
Brooding o'er things that might have been
In conscious guilt, and restless spleen,
Or hushing th' inward voice of Care
With penal throes, and tearful pray'r—
And thus his loathsome days had past
Clogg'd as a dream with dread o'ercast,
And fraught with fantasies austere,
Till Death should close his dim career,
When Superstition's nightmare prest
With equal weight a kindred breast,
And in her favorite's hand display'd
The mace by Edred weakly sway'd—
Deeming perchance the fable true
How Satan from the Hermit flew,
And with the smart of chastisement
Loud bellowing far the woodlands rent,
Now to his minion's dread control
The Monarch yields his recreant soul,
To Fanatism's specious zeal
Nor less confides his Country's weal—

Full well the gamester knows his pow'r,
Nor fails to seize the timely hour—
(38) See ! fresh from Rome's o'erwhelming flood
Pours in th^a array of cowl and hood,
And saintly Pride with frenzied hand
Shrouds as a cloud the slaggard land—
They hive, a studious swarm, in calls
Respective skill'd, round Glaston's walls,
With chisel, needle, knife, or file,
In scapular of daily toil,—
Their labour done, in tunic dight
They sleep, or walk the cloister'd night,
Or of connubial bliss on straw
Dreaming, awake—and curse the law
That e'en to them the charm denies
Which mated brute to brute allies—
But marvel not if lure of Rome
Oft drew them from their tedious home,
And haply 'mid her glittering show
The frown forsook the rigid brow,
Nor vainly in their journeying hours
Pleasure outspread her lap of flow'rs,

Though not to them was giv'n the right
Of shining in the tilting fight,
Nor in the court's voluptuous glare,
Or knightly hall their part to bear,
Yet Vanity's all ruling charm
Would oft the sober sense disarm,
And pastime's treach'rous joys intrude
With comelier garb, and lighter mood—
For who, in chains of Conscience pent
And penance vows, in earnest meant,
To Nature hath with eye askance
Reverted not the longing glance ?

But turn we now to deeds that stain
The young career of Edwy's reign,
Where Insolence with pow'r elate,
Brims up the cup of Dunstan's fate—
From banquet hall where many a Peer
High revell'd round the regal cheer
To seal with festive offering
The day that crown'd their beardless King,
By purple flush of wine inspir'd
And nuptial love the Prince retir'd

To whither deck'd with bridal state
In bow'r apart (39) Elgiva sate,
Impatient of her lord's delay
Anon she blam'd the lagging day,
And mantled on her cheek the blush
Of fretful hope, with changeful rush—
For list! with renovated birth
The fitful snatch of drunken mirth
And carol wild, that fill with fear
Her woman's heart, assail her ear—
“ And is it thus,” she says, “ my spouse
“ Yearns to the charm of loud carouse,
“ And heedless of restrictions pure,
“ Which most the plighted troth secure,
“ With joys that Love's dominion shame,
“ Thus tarnishes his tender fame ?
“ Is it for this I've borne the sneers
“ Of Nobles in my maiden years,
“ And brook'd, by kindred blood allied,
“ The taunting name of lawless bride ?”
“ And is it thus” a voice replies,
“ Elgiva yields to vain surmise,

“ Deeming that in baronial hall
“ Aught stills Affection’s inward call ?
“ Sooner be curst this morning’s rite
“ Which arm’d mine hand with sceptred might,
“ And studded gold, that on mine head
“ Blaz’d as a planet, melt instead,
“ Ere of thine absent lord can be
“ One joy or thought unmix’d with thee—
“ For know that when each Patriot vein
“ Throbb’d highest, and the jocund reign
“ Of circling cup had rear’d its crown
“ Full foaming to the day’s renown,
“ And Flattery play’d her under part
“ With silvery tongue, and wheedling art,
“ Methought how bootless falls on me
“ That note, my kingdom’s moiety !
“ Which, void of thee its leading gem,
“ But seems to mock my diadem—
“ For me no feast of goblet vies
“ With banquet on Elgiva’s eyes,
“ No taste so daintily divine
“ As that my lip imbibes from thine”—

Pledge of the truth of Love's appeal
Scarcely was set his burning seal,
When, low'ring on the amorous scene,
Dunstan appear'd—and stood between—
Writh'd as with hate his brow, and ire
Flash'd from his eye's deep orb, as fire—
“ What deeds ” cried he “ are these profane
“ Which shame the dawn of Edwy's reign,
“ What Hecate from lustful hell
“ Upsprung, here works her pois'nous spell—
“ Back to the feast! by courtiers woo'd
“ With vain regret, or by the Rood
“ I'll brand thee e'en before thy Peers
“ As he who their allegiance jeers,
“ And Fame shall write upon thy grave
“ *An English King—a Woman's slave*”
Palsied, as with an eastern gale
The pow'rs of vernant Nature fail,
The fondlers with resilient arm
Shrink face to face, in mute alarm—
The Ruffian's hand brief time allows
For closing kiss, and parting vows

Or tender glance, which strives in vain
 To turn aside—and looks again—
 He hurries on with impulse rude
 His Liege by fruitless pray'r pursued,
 And bandies down the tittering board
 Th' unseemly jest from lord to lord—
 Woe to his daring soul ! which deems
 Vengeance e'er rests, or *idly* dreams—
 Banish'd he mourns each rigid school
 Revers'd by Hymen's milder rule,
 Yet leans on Edwy's future woe,
 And bodes th' Avenger's overthrow.

Hide, hide, ye softer Pow'rs of verse
 The throes which mark'd Elgiva's curse !
 How spurn'd, derided, and forlorn
 She bore unblest a nation's scorn,
 How railing Monks their Queen with shame
 Decried and shudder'd at her name.
 Oh ! hide the scene with horror fraught,
 The ravage on her beauty wrought
 By fiery brand—her exil'd flight,—
 And sword, that steep'd her grief in night—

(30^o) But where was he, her ling'ring mate
 Edwy, twin child of evil Fate ?—
 Unpitied, slander'd, and dethron'd
 Awhile his sever'd Dove he moan'd,
 Awhile to live without her tried—
 Loath'd his lone being—pin'd—and died.

Oh changeless fortune !—Dunstan still
 Rules paramount a People's will,
 And still, with flattery gorg'd, the mace
 Upholds, their glory and disgrace—
 Lo ! where young Edgar, cloth'd with might
 Suborn'd, usurps his brother's right,
 And in Religion's specious cloak
 Grows grave, and truckles to her yoke—
 How th' Abbot to the artful boy
 Listens, and smooths his beard for joy,
 While, for debate caparison'd,
 The stripling Monarch sits enthron'd
 In conclave, and the law assigns
 Which Monks in holier bond confines—
 Quoth he “Lord Prelate! of my soul
 “ To thee I gave the first control,

“ Thou in my Childhood’s heedless day
“ First taught my heart to fear and pray—
“ Counsell’d by thee I’ve freely giv’n
“ My substance for the love of Heav’n,
“ Churches and convents through the land
“ Rais’d or endow’d with lavish hand,
“ And yet these brethren of the hood
“ With deeds licentious shame the Rood,
“ Thus rend’ring our high purpose vain
“ By lives that slur our goodly reign—
“ But not to thee (far, far the thought !)
“ Applies the blame—thou hast besought
“ By earnest call, by reason mild
“ Instructed, threaten’d, and revil’d—
“ And shall I then mine arm withhold,
“ And cleanse not this distemper’d fold
“ Fróm carnal Priests, who thus by gaude
“ Of Satan lur’d, their God defraud ?”—
Thus spake the Prince, when wing’d with dread
From fane to fane his fiat sped ;
Now penance mends the broken vow,
More darkly scowls each lurid brow,

And beards, curtail'd and bristly grown,
Ape in fresh form the thorny crown,
And 'Edgar styl'd " the good, the sage,"
Supreme adorns the Monkish page—
Fie on his thievish hand, that won
In after time the pious Nun,
What day with diadem displac'd
Dunstan his darling Liege disgrac'd,
Yet, jealous for his early fame,
With mercy temper'd penal shame ;—
For oft he dreamt of golden show'rs
On Glaston shed, manorial dow'rs,
And pomp, which yielding to the throne
New dignity, confirm'd his own,
How came the King in royal state
Each sacred grant to consummate,
(40) And on the altar bade remain
For aye, his sceptre rent in twain—
But passing by each scene impure
Of princely guile, and dark amour,
And debt of wounded pride repaid
To Athelwood with fatal blade,

The Muse reverts with tender gloom
To Edward's reign, and martyrdom.
Ill fated Youth ! a stepdame's hate
And violence thy crown await,
For now expell'd by (41) Mercia's Thane
Priests to new Orders yield the fane ;
Still Superstition rears her wand,
And civil Discord walks the land,
Tumultuous synods for the state
In harsh collision legislate—
But hark ! that crash in conclave hall !—
Innumerous laden benches fall—
Yet, type of Heav'ns peculiar care,
Dunstan maintains th' unshaken chair—
Miraculously safe, again
He triumphs with despotic reign,
Sees laws restor'd, himself devis'd,
And dies ador'd, and canoniz'd—
But thee, fair Prince, nor peace could save
Nor justice from a timeless grave,
Doom'd at Elfrida's base command
To perish, by a Traitor's hand,

Yet Mem'ry crowns thy righteous name
With wreaths of Amaranthine fame,
And miracles upon thy tomb
Immortalize thy ruthful doom,
While she, the fiendish Queen, in vain
With penance wipes the guilty stain,
And finds alone from scorn and hate
A refuge in the arms of Fate.

Now Glaston ! to thy zenith's height
Though lifted, eminently bright,
Fame hath with scanty light supplied
Thine Hist'ry's intervening tide
Till sacrilegious Normans rose,
And wak'd with war thy long repose ;
Though in that space rag'd factious broil,
And Danish thieves resum'd their spoil,
Yet, in self potency secure,
No tales of ruth thy peace obscure
Of Ethelred's inglorious reign,
Or hapless Edmund falsely slain—
Twain Kings unlike, the base and brave,
With thee attain'd an equal grave,

*This, for manorial largess blest,
Conferr'd in fear for ghostly rest,
That honor'd for the nobler part
Of piteous death, and iron heart—
With gifts abounding ever new
Rich was thy store, thy labors few ;
As teems some garden's favor'd soil
Spontaneous, or with slender toil,
While various climes unite their dow'r
Of sweeter scent, and fairer flow'r,
Thou lured'st to thy wily seat
Full fraught, yet ever incomplete,
Fresh bounty cull'd from divers hands,
Gold, jewels, tapestry, honor, lands—
But leaving sumptuous treasures shed
By frightened Conscience o'er the dead,
And pearly pall, with golden bloom
Of apples spread on Edmund's tomb
(42)By Canute, when in pious hour
He seal'd each right of Glaston's pow'r,
Or where on sainted Edward's bier
Hist'ry may drop her parting tear*

For Saxon pride and royalty
 Long ravish'd from her partial eye,
 Turn where the Norman grasps the throne
 Of war-distracted Albion.

Fresh from (43)Othona's reeking shore
 He comes, elate with Harold's gore,
 Yet doubtful of his rise or fall,
 Cringes before the priestly pall,
 But not respect to Prelates borne,
 Nor oaths for Church protection sworn
 Could Rapine's eager hand restrain
 From lure of Glaston's gorgeous fane—

Oh temple ! teeming with the store
 Of ill starr'd shrines and baneful ore,
 Had less thy weight of glory been,
 Then hadst thou not thy mammon seen
 And lands despoil'd in sorrow's day,
 Nor freedom wrench'd by foreign sway—
 But now full treasur'd and desir'd
 They seek thee, by thy beauty fir'd,

Consign'd to rule with slighted will,
Portion of Scorn and Slavery still.
Now with the hood o'er common fare
Mingles the hawkbeck's martial glare,
And warriors tell the gory tale,
While awe-struck Monks grow sick, and quail;
Vex'd ever by a (44)mitred Fiend,
Honors of old by spoiler's glean'd,
The service of Gregorian song
Repeal'd, endear'd by usage long,
By durance hard of viands brief,
Wrongs unredress'd, unpitied grief,
Us'd most to *self*-inflicted care,
But least *another's* curse to bear,
No marvel if in earnal woes
Rebellious oft their spirit rose :
They show'd perchance how ill could brook
Their peaceful eye the Scoffer's look,
Or hinted for their weal alarms—
Their answer was the clash of arms,
Through shrines the whirring arrow sped,
Reliques avuls'd, blood idly shed,

Within the altar's bound the war
Of brandish'd sconce, and scymitar,

With horror fraught those tidings drear
Of carnage thrill'd the Monarch's ear,
Who, not unmindful of the pledge
Of vengeance due to sacrilege,
By fiat marks some distant clime,
Where Turstine wails his lavish crime.—
But, fearful still of future thralls,
See ! votaries fly from Glaston's walls,
Till good (45)Herlewinus mounts the chair,
And makes their better fate his care—
By personal blandishment besought,
Or bounty lur'd, in pity brought,
As truant sheep reclaim'd, retold,
They rally round their native fold—
A Pastor vigilant is he,
Vers'd in the rites of Charity,
Who now redeems from wolfish spoil
His plunder'd house, and wasted soil.

But fully [46]mitred Blois repairs
 The trace yet left which Ravage wears—
 Nature for him two boons design'd,
 A Soldier's heart, a Prelate's mind,
 And, each important trust to fill,
 To these adjoin'd a Statesman's skill—
 He lives on Hist'ry's page diffuse
 Bounteous as Morn, as Eve recluse,
 For proudly shows th' unnumber'd roll
 His deep conceit, and gen'rous soul.
 Witness reform'd Monastic laws,
 And tomes array'd in Learning's cause,
 The temple's shrine, the Peasant's roof,
 Of righteous scheme alike the proof—

But transient reign of Art and Pow'r !
 The sport of one disast'rous hour—
 Oh ! day of all (47) consuming fire—
 Oh ! fane, one universal pyre—
 Thy Glory sleeps a lengthen'd night,
 But wakes again to dawning light—
 To royal Anjou's bidding true
 (48)Fitz Stephens comes with purpose new,

The scatter'd Brotherhood recalls,
And with fresh grace each dome installs—

What time the Prince, at Rome's behest
Empower'd to bow Hibernia's crest,
Full homage from each craven lord,
Had gain'd, and sheath'd his bloodless sword,
Winding his retrograde career
Along (49) Demetia's mountains drear,
And many a crag austere and hoar
That shades (50) Sabrina's peaceful shore,
He hears the harp's glad echo sweep
By minstrels tun'd from steep to steep,
And carols sung in lauding rhyme
To valorous deeds of Arthur's time,
How Saxons fled (51) Valentia's plain
(52) Brigantium's castled walls to gain,
And how (53) Germania's recreant Liege
Brook'd not the storm of (54) Lindum's siege,
Doom'd in the forest's depths to bleed,
Or strip each Knight, and harness'd steed ;
How many a hoarse and Boreal flood
Ran purpled with unchristian blood,

Or flash'd his cross-embellish'd shield
In triumph on (55)Badonis' field,
And how victorious wing'd his life
Its secret flight from (56)Carman's strife—
They sang how rites by Elves devis'd
His guardian reign immortaliz'd,
And amaranths renew'd their bloom
For ever o'er his honor'd tomb—
Heroic thrills the lyric string—
Heroic burns the ravish'd King—
Nor rock, nor stream his course impedes—
To Glaston's cloister'd aisles he speeds,
And to the grave imparts the word
Which lifts from earth the giant lord—
Fruits of that funeral enterprise
New privilege and honor rise,
And charter rights of Saxon trace
With ancient pow'r the volume grace—
Perchance his sad repentant heart
Quail'd at the rod's remember'd smart,
Reverting ever with self hate
To Becket's sacrilegious fate,

**And gave to Avalon's control
The requiem of his harrow'd soul.**

**But Time rolls on with broken day,
And glooms yet mark his chequer'd way —
For scarce her rescued throne to fill
Had Freedom gain'd her native hill,
And, self-secure from fresh annoy,
Rested, and clapt her wings for joy,
When, nurtur'd in a neighbouring ; fane
That long had rul'd the northward plain,
Envy arose with glance malign,
And leering eyed each rival shrine
By many a relique now increas'd
Far wafted from the pamper'd East,
Where Lion Richard's arm of steel
Sway'd the broad axe for Christian weal,
While through the hot and chivalrous day
Plum'd morions flar'd in wide array,
And the pale crescent dimly shone
High on the tow'rs of Ascalon.**

Flush'd with the fame of Christendom,
Now yearning to his Kingdom's home,
While doom'd through Adria's gulph to plough
With faithless helm, and riven prow,
Fast drifted down by tide and gale
In vain he plies his leeward sail
From where the foaming surges roll
O'er Aquileia's fateful shoal—
Still by the Patriot guerdon led,
That homeward waits his wreath-bound head,
A pilgrim lone or troubadour,
He treads the Danube's castled shore—
But not the guise of scrip or rood
Could Austria's falcon-eye delude,
Nor his soft harp's voluptuous charm
Her iron soul, and grasp disarm,
Meanwhile for him the proud, the brave,
Kings traffic as a barter'd slave,
To western Henry's vengeance sold
For graceless pledge of venal gold—
And hence, oh Avalon ! the date
Is mark'd of thy declining state,

For Freedom then thy temple scorn'd
(57)By fed'rate truck of blood suborn'd —
Long wont wert thou a Priest to throne
By right peculiarly thine own,
Till for thy Sovereign's ransom first
To foreign choice that pow'r revers'd,
When for Imperial kin design'd
The Mitre with the Crosier join'd—
Dread fortune for thy monarchy !
Fresh claims for its subjection vie,
And new writ laws episcopal
Of other walls thy freemen gall—
More just the Dane, or less severe
To thee the Norman might appear
Than rules which clip thy soar for gain,
And bind thee in a rival's chain—
But idle thought, which deems that thou
Could'st e'er with tame submission bow,
And the last spark of liberty
Could in thy bosom meekly die!—
Still, loud in Disputation's field,
Thou girdest on thy legal shield,



Condemn'd to view thy rightful land
Subservient to a Stranger's hand,
Still wrangling strife, and voice profane
Through each unyielding party reign,
While Monks may ponder with a blush
On *force*, which legends fain would hush ;
How kindled into boundless flame
Each factious heart for pristine fame,
Till with one universal brawl
Suffrage depriv'd th' Usurper's pall,
How when with form of ancient pride
Another had thy chair supplied,
The fulminating Vatican
O'erthrew the leaders of thy van,
And on each mutineer oppos'd
To alien sway thy portal clos'd ;
And lastly how by poison he,
Invested by thine own decree,
Aton'd for deeds in frenzy done,
And rights by lawless tumult won.
Inglorious still, yet ever prone
To battle for an injur'd throne,

Few changes, save of harsher fate,
 Thy desultory struggle wait—
 Ages pass on, a tedious term,
 Mere ceded laws thy bond confirm,
 More lands manorial yielded lie .
 Beneath thine Harpy's restless eye,
 Meantime at will the Papal frown
 Bows ~~thine~~ insulted honors down.

Oh Avalon! for thee might now
 With weaker praise my numbers flow,
 Regretful of that old renown
 Which most endear'd thine early crown,
 Thy reign, that spurn'd another's choice,
 And pride of independent voice.

(58)But list that sound!—it peals again—
 And seems to mock my pitying strain—
 Is it of thunder?—cloudless day
 Spans the broad sky in blue array—
 Is it of wind?—most strangely loud!—
 The breeze scarce whispers—trees are bow'd—

The Tor heaves, as a storm-rock'd mast—
 Shock follows shock—and now the last—
 “Earth, Earth!” they cry, each nearer wall
 Gazing with dread—they shake,—they fall!—
 The havoc o'er, and still'd the cry
 Of first dismay, each anxious eye
 With mute inquiry ascertains
 What tow'r hath crumbled, which remains—
 Of *this* how vast the overthrow!—
That brooks the subterraneous blow—
 Some o'er the ruin idly moan,
 Others rebuild the shatter'd stone—

But now methinks a kindlier gleam
 Illuminates this hopeless theme,
 When, with bright fancy, animate,
 I muse on court, with ancient state
 (59)By Eleanor and Edward paid
 Propitious to thine holy shade;
 How first their visit to proclaim
 The Marshal to thy portal came,
 And for thy splendid carnival
 Would fain have rang'd the banquet hall,

Till, jealous for conventional right,
Thou ill receiv'dst the herald Knight,
And spak'st aleud of charter laws
Long made in Freedom's olden cause,
Which e'en the privileges bound
Of Princes on thy sacred ground—
But see ! arriv'd the regal pair
Thy pomp survey with rapturous stare,
Explaining to their present sense
Past dreams of thy magnificence —
Thy costly shrines, and tapestry's blaze
Challenge the meed of endless praise,
Thine Altars groaning with the load
Of wealth, by Kings and Saints bestow'd,
Nor less thine Organ's liquid tide,
Now heaving in meridian pride,
Now languishing with cadence low,
Warm the trane'd heart with pious glow—
And here I'd speak of honors shown
To thee, which others fain would own,
How he, then cloth'd with Albion's palk,
Approach'd at prime canonical,

And, spite of querulous turmoil
Of rival Monks, denied the oil
At holy Chrism, save but to them
The favor'd. of thy diadem ;
Or how when travers'd through thy town
Th' expectancy of legal gown,
And jarring saws, and stern decrees
Threaten'd the rupture of thine ease,
Thy Monarch smil'd on homage paid
For old immunitiess, and bade
His Lords to further ground repair,
And grac'd the hall of Justice there—
Nor be untold a tale of blood,
Which slurr'd awhile the sober hood—
Perchance inflam'd with festive wine,
(No matter who)—a son of thine
Had rous'd by contumely profane
The vengeance of the royal train—
With instant sabre they apply
The scourge for wounded Majesty,
When failing in th' unequal strife,
He draws—he aims the deadly knife—

(Shall unreveng'd a soldier bleed ?)

In fetters he bewails the deed—

And yet forsooth thy sacred name

Effaces e'en a traitor's shame,

And for thine haughty self attains

A forfeit claim'd for rightful chains—

I quit the royal meiny, where

Innumerable torches glare,

And ostentatious banners wave

For rites resum'd o'er Arthur's grave—

And now more lightsome aidance need

From Truth, for drearier hours succeed—

Yet *she* shall as a morning Star

Arise, though deeply set and far,

And blazon forth her vital glance

Athwart the vale of Ignorance.

Oh Avalon! I've sought to mark

Thy reign through epochs rude and dark,

And trod with hesitating pace,

Through weal and woe thine hist'ry's trace,

And if I've wander'd in my way,
And miss'd the faithful path of day,
How hopeless here must be mine aim
Which fain would now that fault reclaim!—
High as thou seem'st from vengeful Earth
Uprear'd to breathe another birth,
Still, still my dubious track is laid
Through Superstition's listless shade,
Where soft luxurious Indolence
Twines doating round the drowsy sense,
And Crime in cloister'd shades unseen
Exults behind his saintly screen;
Oh! lull'd by self conceit of lore—
Oh! loath from Folly's depths to soar,
While Heresies for empire vie,
And wanton round thy sleeping eye,
Thou ever mingling carnal leav'n
With pageant services of Heav'n,
Where shall I catch one hopeful ray
To clear this slothful spell away?
For ere Truth's rising is decreed,
More gloomy fate shall yet precede,

And from the restless forge of Rome
New fangled creeds and Orders come,—
A race whom Mammon ne'er beguiles,
(60)Self opulent in Papal smiles,
With soul unmov'd by worldly fear,
Abstemious, mendicant, austere,—
From door to door they beg or preach,
And Saintship's highest summit reach,—
Year treads on year—their ghostly pow'r
Ascends with each portentous hour,
Till they the mean, the needy rule
First heard in senate, church, and school—
“Monstrous dominion!” Learning said,
And down the Benedictine shade
Invidious fled—her flat spoke—
Dolts seiz'd the tome, and sluggards woke.
But scarce had they their jealous rage
Stamp'd on the vindicating page,
When, Cynosure of young Reform,
De Wickliff stirr'd a fiercer storm—
Waters of Isis! ye may tell
How first his ireful rhetoric fell,

And Friars accrûs'd the day that bore
The scourger to thine hallow'd shore—
But on he strives— his daring soul
Now grasps a more exalted goal,
And e'en (oh desp'rate thought !) essays
To shear the high Tiara's rays,
The while with eye of fearful gloom
Glaeton forebodes her children's doom,
And bids them the polemic field
Resume, and back his thunder wield—
Oh dauntless eloquence—for list !
He dares arraign the Eucharist—
“ Bread is not Jesus—but the sign—
“ Its form effectual—not divine—
“ For, if a God were every Host,
“ The Church unnumber'd Christs might boast”—
Again—“ One Priest alone its key
“ Usurps, to others just as free—
“ Nor doth St. Peter station hold
“ Supreme in th' Apostolic fold—
“ And as to homage due to Rome
“ From Albion's King—the thought is foam”—

Firmly he spake, when some aside
 Turn'd with a bigot's sneering pride,
 Too blear of others was the sight
 At once to bear the dawning light,
 Yet wak'd, his doctrine half receiv'd—
 Doubted,—consider'd—then believ'd—
 But how momentous now is grown
 The soil where late its seed was sown,
 When thousands to his garner fly,
 And Cobham for his truths can die—

But I have wander'd from my theme,
 Or haply mus'd, as in a dream,
 On scenes that to self-boast redound,
 And wake again on Glaston's ground—
 I hail her sons yet more reform'd,
 By rule subdued, by Science warm'd,
 Some wearing out with classic toil
 By Isis' side the midnight oil,
 While others, tied to spleenish home,
 'Gainst Lollards build the scurrl tome ;
 I mark where Prelates of her throne
 Have rear'd to light the ruin'd stone,

Attest it Feast! in social hall
 Now long reviv'd at (61)Fromont's call,
 And Dome, where Monks in mystic state
 Confessions lisp, or urge debate,
 Ye mighty Arches, which upraise
 The central tow'r to (62)Tanton's praise,
 With bells, at jocund holy day
 That steal the saddest heart away,
 And, Music! to the choral fane
 Recall'd to breathe thine holy strain.

But on! from where the ember's fume
 Rolls its last wreath for Cobham's doom
 Through many a dungeon's night, or flood
 Of tears hard wrung, and guiltless blood,
 Through Councils fruitlessly convened
 To tread down Schism's tyrannic fiend
 To where not e'en the blended Rose
 Sheds one blest ray for Church repose—

Oh! say, Reform, thine aim to gain
 For ever striving, yet in vain,

Wherfore, oh ! wherfore, by thee led,
Have Laymen pin'd, and Martyr's bled,
And through eight broil-polluted reigns
Have Patriots sigh'd in galling chains—
Say, was it only for thy name
Gleam'd the hot axe, and writh'd the flame—
No,—'twas because that deed, the *one*
Thou neededst most, was left undone—
For when thou striv'dst to prune the tree
Of Rome's luxuriant Hierarchy,
Had'st thou but ta'en the root away,
Thy prime had seen an earlier day.
Thou Age of blind fatuity !
Whither shall turn thy beamless eye,
What Pilot shall thine helm command
Launch'd on a Sea, without a strand ?—
All round is drear, invariable,
No Prophets brighter changes tell,
And Heav'n, which gilds each meaner form,
Smiles faintly through thy darken'd storm—
Thy compass is the narrow scope
Of fear, or incidental hope

Leaning on human pow'r, whose grace
With Mammon times coequal pace,
And thus suspended is thy soul
Between a tempest, and a shoal—

Wild, fatal creed ! which deems is giv'n
To Earth the stewardship of Heav'n,
And Saints, ere rob'd in glorious state,
By merit supererogate,
Who, having stores in Paradise
More ample than themselves suffice,
Have to the charge of Man decreed
The fund superfluous—for his need,
And more his casket yet to fill,
Are canoniz'd—as serves his will ;
Wherewith becomes Eternity
A truck, for which Mankind agree,
And he, who in the merchandize
Bids highest, hath the higher prize,
Mean time the Purgatory's dread
Low'rs o'er the living and the dead,
And weeps th' imaginary Shade
Penance undone, and wealth unpaid,

Which, had it (es)tinkled in the chest,
 Had rais'd the Spirit to its rest;
 Whence seems an idle tale the *one*
Sole pardon by a Saviour won,
 When sin, at Man's tribunal tried,
 Is damn'd, remitted, justified—

Oh Rome ! the once free, generous Rome !
 What taint succeeds thy Glory's doom !
 Erst strong in learning, treasure, blade,
 And pow'r, that scorn'd another's aid ;
 Now art thou crafty, insincere,
 Stor'd with the spoils of ghostly fear,
 And dupes a Kingdom's wealth resign
 To pamper more thy lavish shrine,

But see ! where rises from the North
 Truth's gleaming Star, whose rays spring forth
 Temper'd by steadier, chaster fire,
 Than wak'd erewhile de Wickliff's ire—
 Thrice welcome on my waning page
 Erst rhym'd with deeds of Saxon age,

The brightest of that honor'd race,
He claims the highest, holiest place—
I see him from (64)monastic night
Slowly develop'd into light,
While, as he radiates, the more
Spreads into joy each kindling shore,
Amid a galaxy of foes
Invidious of his beams he glows,
Still holding his determin'd way
Through flying clouds to onward day ;
Each hill of Zurich, vale, and lake
Forth into fresher lustre break,
While Dresden's tow'rs the charm have won,
And Elbe rejoicing wafts it on—
“ Hear, Nations, hear ! Christ, only Christ
“ For you hath died, for you suffic'd—
“ Your Pontiff, Abbot, Cardinal,
“ Wealth, Steward, ransom—all in all”—
“ Oh Schism ! oh impious heresy !”
Bursts forth at once the Papal cry,
“ Select thy doom, false Protestant !
“ Bow to Rome's tempest—or recant !”—

Vain threat for him!—shall *he* despair?—
His God and Christ are every where—
That curse, which heavier far might be
Than bonds to *others*, sets *him* free—
Let (65)Aleander, (66)Eckius show
How menac'd oft th' eventual blow
Unheeded hung o'er Luther's head,
Who for the truths he joy'd to spread
E'en hop'd, if worthy were the price,
Himself might prove the sacrifice.

But here I pause—who long have bent
My purpose to that hour's event
Which riv'd the (67)second link in twain
Of Albion's spell-entangled chain,
For Henry comes with stubborn zeal
To mix the cup of woe and weal.

As some proud lion walks the glade
Where cries of rude pursuit invade,
And pants t' avenge th' uneasy smart
Of th' hunter's first inflicted dart,

So broods *he* goaded, mortified
By Luther's test o'er wounded pride,
And name assail'd, new sped from Rome,
"Champion of faith for Christendom."
Vain glorious rage ! shall Freedom rest,
Once kindled in his Country's breast,
And eyes, that now Truth's glimpse attain,
In fatuous darkness close again ?
Or Learning, drest in brighter gear,
For nought her sacred temple rear ?—
Why ? but for dawning wisdom ripe,
Late hath she plann'd her facile type,
And thus a new made form decreed
Of writ, that he who runs may read,
Why ? but that man entranc'd might wake,
And Superstition's trammel break,
In art, or holy love increase,
Live in fresh hope, and die in peace—
But mark th' event—how languish now
The penance, and monastic vow—
" Away ! ye visionary creeds
" Of pardons, reliques, bulls, and beads,"

Spreads forth th' acclaim, "false raptures, fly
 " Before Faith's keener, purer eye !
 " Ye Princes, lift the arm of might;
 " Arise, avenge your stolen right,
 " For Antichrist usurps your throne,
 " And reigns supreme in Babylon"—

They *have* arisen—Woe ! Rome, to thee
 Bound e'en in thy supremacy,
 And woe ! that for eventual good
 Oft Fortune speeds her wheel in blood—
 A fed'rate band around thee waits,
 And burns for plunder at thy gates,
 The German and the Spaniard gain
 Thy gleaming walls, a grisly train,
 Prepar'd with frantic carnival
 T' avenge their (68)Leader's early fall,
 They waste in revelry of spoil
 Thine Altars, virgins there defile,
 First to the tortuous rack consign'd
 Thine aged Priests in dungeons bind,
 And *him* thy Pontiff, *him* thine *all*
 Seize, banter, pillage, and inthrall—

But to my tale—for Albion's King.
My Muse still harps with fitful string,
For him, full vers'd in dark intrigue,
And “*Guardian of the holy League*”—
His path th' alternate visions course
Of Hope, Despondence, and Remorse,
Where Catharine's image ever nigh,
Darting askance her watchful eye,
Of fond reality disarms
Each blissful dream of Boleyn's charms,
While Conclaves his uncertain fate
Through tedious time deliberate,
Nor yet, to loose his nuptial gyves,
The long wish'd leaden seal arrives,
For Clement's tiar is balanc'd still
On Germany's imperious will,
And ill it suits with Charles' pride
To shame a Queen, (69)by blood allied,
Against her honor to conspire,
And glut an amorous foe's desire—

Time onward spreads his lazy wings,
Nor freedom yet fer Henry brings,

Meanwhile within the Senate's walls
For prompt Reform each Patriot calls,
“ Shall Laymen, whose proud deeds have gain'd
“ A Kingdom's glory, be constrain'd
“ To wave their right for ages seal'd
“ On many a life blood-channell'd field,
“ And cherish every darling vice
“ Of priestly lust, and avarice ? ”
Brave words ! —which though they breathe the tone
Of liberty for Albion's throne,
And each might seem a ray to shed
Still brighter round her Monarch's head,
Each on his treasury to show'r
Fresh lucre, wrench'd from Papal pow'r,
Yet how shall he, before whose eyes
A thousand barking Scyllas rise,
Take profit from the favoring gale,
And aptly trim his flatt'ring sail ?
For he was cast from infancy
On Superstition's starless sea,
And Bigotry's unpliant helm
Had steer'd him through his early realm,

He for his faith in Youth's career
Had grasp'd the pen, and couch'd the spear,
And to his fancy's ardent gaze
From Pontiffs reap'd immortal bays—
“ And thus shall dare a wild will'd tribe
“ Of yesterday new laws prescribe,
“ Or domes arraign, by Princes rear'd,
“ By Priests preserv'd, and Saints rever'd ?”—
But other thoughts of deeper trace
This boast of memory efface,
His baffled hope, his injur'd pride,
Reliance trick'd and lust denied,
And selfish gain, which bursts at length
The firm resolves of human strength—

The die is cast—years onward fly,
Each wing'd with some new destiny,
Which vindicates another gem
From Rome's to Albion's diadem—
No longer now with golden fines
Ill sated Clement's offer shines,
Nor thither cringing Prelates bring
Of fruits the primal offering,

No threat'nings dash the cup away
Which foams for Henry's bridal day,
Nor alien laws his Church inthrall,
While he supremely wears the pall—
Self cloth'd in richest hierarchy
What throne as his so proudly high?—
To Papal faith a Bigot still,
He rules with more than Papal will,
And though, as Fortune turns her vane,
Blind Factions through the Senate reign,
Still he, ere yet the strife is warm,
But frowns, and curbs the motley storm—
Meantime, remote from royal ken,
In secret toils the subtile pen,
And ever paints in deadliest hue
How penance mocks the Saviour's due,
And, save on Faith's foundation built,
All works in Heav'n's pure eye are guilt,
While Converts, peering through the dark,
Wax warm, and fan the living spark—
But see! to cloud this dawning scene
Of Truth, what fate hath come between!

What deeds have stain'd the adverse zeal—
How blaz'd the pile, and wound the wheel—
How bravely some the embers pac'd—
How tenderly the brands embrac'd !
While e'en the placid More with ire
Hath flush'd, nor staid the raging pyre—

Now turn awhile from rack and flame
Where Guile contrives her meaner game,
And crafty Friars widely tell
The Kentish maiden's holy spell,
How oft entranc'd with ghostly pains
She writh'd, and breath'd unearthly strains,
Denouncing Heav'n's impendent storm
On each mad votary of Reform,
On Henry's head that dread decree,
The deadly curse of Heresy,
And, vengeful of his Queen's divorce,
The Villain's end—a death of force—
Anon they bruit the gracious sign
Achiev'd before the Virgin's shrine,
How there each limb's convulsive strife
Forebode the last of parting life,

When chang'd at once her hopeless doom,
And Health upsprang with instant bloom.

But marvel not if Monks deceive,
When Prelates hearken, and believe,
When Fisher, he the good and wise,
Could in his breast the fraud disguise,
Nor, ere its heady flood could mount,
The faction stifle at the fount—
Rags, and a prison's iron hold
For him repay the cheat untold,
While graver charges yet impend—
Treason—and last a Traitor's end—
But scarcely, by the strong axe sped,
Had roll'd to earth his hoary head,
Or from the block the crimson stain
Was wip'd, ere flow'd the stream again,
And there the gay, the sportive More
Pour'd out his spirit, and his gore—
Congenerous Statesmen ! meek and sage,
Both victims of a stormy Age,
Ye, who in Freedom's darling pride
Alike a Tyrant's pow'r denied,

Alike enjoy your soul's release
 Attain'd by force, and meet in peace,
 Well know who now most just and free
 Shines in th' Angelic company,
 Whom Conscience goads with mortal sting,
 The Martyr subject—or his King—
 Long since hath Henry for your blood
 Before Rome's final thunder stood—
 Further no eye can penetrate—
 But thought may tremble for his fate.

Now on he drives his vengeful rod,
 Maugre the fear of Man and God,
 While other scourges he hath plann'd
 For Cromwell's instrumental hand,
 Swearing, by every holy shrine
 “ These Priests upon a crumb shall dine,
 “ Who thus in each seditious fane
 “ Have dar'd to beard their Sovereign—
 “ What? shall these overweening curs
 “ Cast in my teeth their barking slurs,
 “ And tell me, “ *Dogs thy blood shall lick*
 “ *As Ahab's—wanton Heretic!* ”

“ Now by Saint Dunstan I will foil
“ These gluttons on their very soil,
“ And purge withal each rebel dome,
“ Lest bite they, who already foam—
“ Cromwell!—thou knowest well how Fame
“ Trumpets the public blast of shame
“ On these mad Friars—down with them all!—
“ Or by my troth my throne needs fall—
“ Shall Superstition’s canker-worm
“ Thus nip young Freedom’s hopeful germe,
“ And by its ever fretting bane
“ Each spring of Industry constrain?—
“ These black Inquisitors, whose brand
“ Speeds from dark synods through the land,
“ Shall own that, keen as theirs, our eyes
“ Can scan their deathful mysteries,
“ Of which, this is our firm decree,
“ Thou chief Inquisitor shalt be—
“ But hark ye!—first thy scouring hand
“ The lesser, fouler fanes demand—
“ Thy pursuivants are at thine heel—
“ Go, search, discover, and reveal!”—

The task achiev'd, of deeds they tell
Most strangely wild and horrible,
Of babes, some in their embryon's hour
Extinguish'd, others in their flow'r,
And Convents fearlessly debas'd
By Monks profane, and Nuns unchaste—
But truce to these or false or true—
An equal verdict is their due—
For instant spoil th' array of gold
A thousand yielding doors unfold,
Ten thousand frighted votaries fly
To starve in houseless misery,
The veriest heart of adamant
For them might in compassion pant,
Much more indignant ire inflame
The Priesthood for each brother's shame—

But see ! Rebellion leadeth forth
Her children from the hardy North,
Gnarling o'er masses now unsaid
For many a sad ancestral shade,
O'er shrines, whose glory to sustain
Patrician pride hath burnt in vain,

Foul evidence, by bribery wrung
From recreant Slander's venom'd tongue,
And pelf, which seems more confiscate
To hireling robbers than the State—
Half clerical, half militant
Onward they come with loud complaint,
Where, their impatient cause to plead,
Priests in rob'd majesty precede,
And pictur'd with the (70)grayle and cross
On high the tissued banner toss,
While glimmers from their medley rear
Th' assertive show of staff and spear—
Self justified by fair pretence
Their columns grow more dire and dense,
From neighbouring shires their sacred line
The vassal and the noble join—
More clamorous, as their pow'rs expand,
Shouts for redress the rebel band—
Unheeded lifts the battle's yell,
And storms at Pomfret's citadel,
Where Darcy to the Royal cause
A truant sits, in dubious pause

Whether in Conquest's chains to lie,
Or fight for trait'rous Liberty—
Sad Chief! for ever doom'd to rue
Th' allegiance to thy King untrue,
Thy plot for pow'r too weakly built,
Too deep for pardon is thy guilt—
Let Pity here thy fated woes
And knell upon the Scaffold close—

But not with Faction's voice supprest
Doth Henry's heart in mercy rest—
There's not a Convent in the realm
He schemes not now to overwhelm—
Soon as resolv'd—complete their fate,
By force or treaty desolate,
Yields to the Plunderer's greedy rage
The charm of immemorial Age—
All, all denuded cow'r—save (71)three—
Before the Crown's supremacy,
And of that number thou art one,
Too proud to stoop—fam'd Avalon!
Of thee as of a maid I rhyme
To live too fair, though in her prime—

Bright were thy days in glory spann'd—
Tremble!—thine Autumn is at hand—
I left thee, as a glittering bark
Still rising from the distant dark,
Looming more fully grand and nigh,
And swelling into Majesty—
I left thee from Earth's yawning waste
To renovated splendor trac'd,
And now, in Beauty's zenith ripe,
Of her thou seem'st th' unrivall'd type—
Full largely since that ruthless hour
Have spread thy lustre and thy pow'r,
For not, as other fames, art thou
Worthy 'neath ruffian spoil to bow,
Though dup'd by darling Vanity,
Yet are thy faults of fainter dye,
The Tempter thou hast most withstood,
Cans't pride thee most in moral good—
Far hast thou been above the rest
With royal court, and Prelates blest,
E'en Henry, once from avarice free,
Cast a religious glance on thee—

Bright are the shades that grace thy dome,
Thy bounteous (72)Chynnoke, and thy (73)Frome ;
The first, yet incompletely wrought,
Thine hall to rich perfection brought,
And bade each hue prismatic smile
Along thy Cloister's window'd aisle,
Where Monks in sunny joy reclin'd,
Or ambling breath'd the southern wind,
Down recreative meadows drawn.
For them he plann'd the sweeping lawn,
Thus tempering with severer gloom
Health's active pleasures, and her bloom—
The other every sorrowing eye
Bath'd with the dew of Charity,
Friend of the ailing and the poor,
For them he op'd the sheltering door,
For them display'd a Giant's skill,
And rais'd a glorious domicil ;
His prime was as the Oak's broad shade,
In Morning's dripping vest array'd,
Where all beneath its vital screen
Springs into life refresh'd and green,

His age as reverend appears,
Bow'd by a century of years—
Nor less may Memory endear
The spirit of thy later (74)Brere,
Bound to Erasmus by the tie
Of mutual lore and amity,
Or honor'd by the royal choice
To personate his Country's voice,
And at the feet of Pius lay
Meet greetings for his crowning day—
The next—the last—thy (75)Whiting comes,
Rejoicing in his treasur'd domes,
Prince of his home, in Senate high,
He walks with peerless dignity,
Before him march with solemn pace
Th' Upholder's of the gilded mace,
Receding to the farthest view,
Behind a pageant retinue,
Round him an host of subjects bend
The Convent's hope, the Cotter's friend,
Round him exulting voices shed
Their blessings on his mitred head,

In him with equal trust repose
 Their claims, perplexities, and woes,
 Whose daily rites to each afford
 A prop, a solace, and a board—
 Review his state, and search his heart—
 Shall he with these fair honors part
 Long launch'd on Fame's transcendent stage,
 His wealth, domain, and (10) tutelage?—
 Call'd to the neighbouring city now
 To yield, or by compulsion bow,
 The feather'd test is in his hand,
 “*Sign, and Surrender!*” the command—
 He deigns not, scorns to perpetrate
 The act which seals his Children's fate,
 Yet boding still suspended wrath,
 (77) To Glaston turns his pensive path—
 But who are these who stay his course,
 Grim Messengers of hellish force?—
 “ Sieze—bind him to the crate—lead on,—
 “ Till the Tor's upmost peak is won”—
 There for his stubborn pride to die
 “ In chains!” resounds the savage cry—

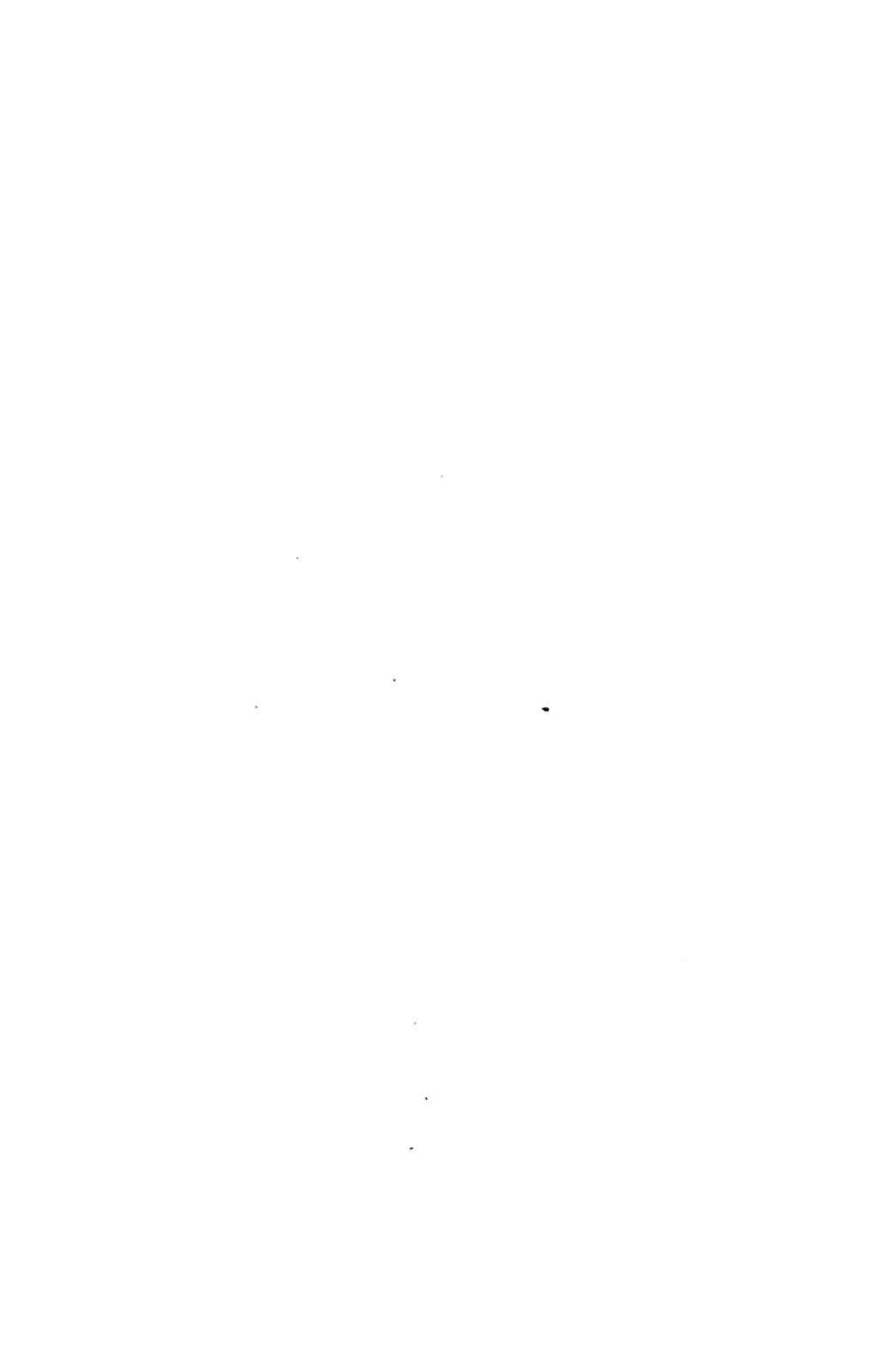
Oh ! rueful, shameless, murderous scene !
 He hangs (78)two faithful friends between,
 Denied his Abbey's last, long view,
 His brethren's blessing, and adieu—
 His sever'd head, and streaming hair
 High on the clotted portal stare,
 While far his quarter'd trunk outcast
 Banes with its taint the passing blast—

Now Avalon ! thy treasures fly
 Condemn'd to various destiny,
 (79)Fragments of Glory, shreds of Ind,
 They shiver in the reckless wind—
 I leave thee with thy sentence past,
 A bauble far too frail to last,
 Thy childish visions, and thy dreams
 For surer, purer, holier beams
 Than those which, void of due control,
 Dried up the essence of thy soul,
 And turn to where * thy Sister fane
 Fronts broadly down the distant plain,

* Wells Cathedral.

Thy (80)gorgeous horologe points there
The periods meet for chime and pray'r,
But not for masses, lifted Hosts,
And all the pomp which Popery boasts,
Nor genuflections paid to toys,
Beads, and Confession's babbling voice,
Dark rites—a charge I'd fain deny
Half utter'd—of Idolatry—
There every fleeting hour is told
From day to day for Israel's fold,
In sober grandeur met to raise
The song of undivided praise,
And smooth their onward course shall be,
Till steep'd in Time's eternal sea.

NOTES.



N O T E S.

Note 1. p. 5.

“Where Holy Joseph’s boasted fane”

This Chapel, according to the records of the Abbey, is the burial place of Joseph of Arimathea, and stands on the site of the original Chapel founded by him and his companions.

“Avalonian Guide.”

Note 2. p. 6.

“Nipt the ripe thought, and clos’d the scene—”

It is evident from the abrupt termination of this piece of Sculpture that the whole fascia was intended to have been completed with a series of Scriptural representations, the design was probably relinquished in consequence of the death of the Artist.

Note 3. p. 7.

“Quaint windows bickering shadows throw,”

At the west end is a lofty triariel window, and on each side of the Chapel are four windows all with circular Arches, the weather mouldings over them are pointed, and supported by a series of Corbel heads emblematically representing the progress of Age.

“Avalonian Guide.”

Note 4. p. 8.

“The central tow'r uprear'd, and show”

The central tower, containing a chime of bells, stood on the four great Arches at the intersection of the transepts with the nave and choir—of the four main pillars which supported these Arches only the two Eastermost remain.

Ibid.

Note 5. p. 9.

“Or where the Traveller treads his way”

The Materials of these ruins have from time to time been taken away for the repairs of highways, a devastation which might probably have continued, had they not lately become the property of Mr. Reeves, of Glastonbury, who has to his great credit, preserved them very carefully for the gratification of the Public.

Note 6. p. 9.

“ Island of Avalon ! of yore.”

This Island according to Mr. Eyston's “ Little Monument,” affixed to Mr. Warner's history, was called by the original Britons “ *Inis Within*,” or the “ *Glassy Island*,” but in succeeding Ages “ *Avalonia* ” from the Saxon word “ *Avale* ” an apple, with which fruit it greatly abounds.

Note 7. p. 9.

“ Thine Ocean hath retrac'd his way ”

In 1606 was a remarkable flood, occasioned by a high spring tide from the Bristol Channel, breaking over the sea wall, and reaching even to the tower of St. Benedict's Church—Indeed the whole vale of Glastonbury is reported to have been formerly entirely covered with water.

“ *Avalonian Guide.*”

Note 8. p. 9.

“ The popinjay of glossy green,”

From a list of vestments, and other ornaments recorded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth this Bird appears to have been a common decoration of the Cope, its being an inhabitant of the sacred East probably accounts for its frequent adoption.

Note 9. p. 11,

“Where the gemm'd Sapphire wont to flare”

This Sapphire, which was extremely large, encased in silver, and surrounded by jewels of the greatest brilliancy, was placed on high and festal days on the summit of the great Altar in the Cathedral Church, and was known by the name of “*Superaltare*”—Pope Innocent the sixth, granted an indulgence of ten days to any one who made a pilgrimage to it.

“Warner's History” p. cxlvii.

Note 10. p. 12.

“And him, who could its glut withstand,”

The Monks of Glastonbury have been most bitterly lashed by various Satirists for their inordinate mode of living—Mr. Warner has introduced the following lines in confirmation of this—

“As if that one liv'd well, and virtuously,
 “In way of grace, like as he ought to go,
 “The remenant assaile him with envy,
 “And him oppresse with grievous payne and woe,
 “Until he followe like as other do.”

“Barclay's Ship of Fools.

Note 11. p. 12.

“Yon dome peers o'er the waste of Time”

The Kitchen to which I allude is formed entirely of stone, in order to secure it from fire—Tradition says, that Henry the Eighth having some disputes with one of the Abbots, threatened to burn it, thereby insinuating a reproof for his gluttony and luxurious manner of living, to which the Abbot haughtily answered, that he would build such an one that all the wood in the royal forest should not accomplish that threat, and forthwith erected the present edifice.

“Warner’s History, p. 14.”

Note 12. p. 14.

“First drifted to Massilia’s port,”

“Massilia”—Marseilles.

Note 13. p. 16.

“Yon hill the miracle attest,”

The name of this mound situated about a mile to the south east of Glastonbury is “Weary All Hill.”

Note 14. p. 16.

"Chaste as Sileans pool, a well"

The discovery of this well was made April 1825. It is evidently coeval with St. Joseph's Chapel, and was originally covered with a groined roof, it appears to have been entered by the Pilgrims through a door way in the Southern wall of the Chapel surmounted by an elegant Arch in the mixed Saracenic and Gothic style.

"Warner's History p. 74."

Note 15. p. 17.

"How a sad wight by sore disease"

See Matthew Chancellor's declaration of his cure.

Ibid. p. 276.

Note 16. p. 18.

"Developes at Saint Patrick's name—"

St. Patrick, after several years labor in his Apostolic Office in Ireland, retired A. D. 439, to this Island, where he spent thirty years in all kinds of penitential austerities. On his arrival he found twelve successors of St. Phaganns and

Damianus (two holy Legates of Pope Eleutherius, who were sent here an hundred years after the time of St. Joseph) so wonderful for their piety, that St. Patrick says he was not worthy to unlatch their shoes. These holy men chose St. Patyick for their superior, and informed him of all they knew of the Island. Whereupon, having brought them to live in community under the same roof, (for they abode singly in huts, dens, and caves,) he took brother Wellias with him, and with great difficulty they went up together to the Tor, where he found the ancient oracle of St. Michael almost ruined, and discovering by some records that the Chapel had been built by Revelation, he and his companions spent three months there in religious exercises, during which time he had a vision from our Saviour, who signified to him that he was to honor the same Archangel in the same place, for a testimony of the certainty of which his left arm was withered, and was not restored till he had acquainted the rest of his brethren below with what he had seen.

“ Little Monument.”

Note 17. p. 19.

“ *Where oft the Bel*in far and wide”

The Druidical fire, sacred to “ Bel” or the Sun.

Note 18. p. 10.

“Ye ceas’d not in St. David’s hour—”

About the year 530, St. David, Archbishop of Menevia, having put an end to the Provincial Synod, called the Synod of Victory, took a journey to Avalon, accompanied by his seven Suffragan Bishops, with the intention of repairing the ruins of the Monastery, and again consecrating the Church, but was deterred from this design by our Lord’s appearing to him in sleep the night before he proposed to consecrate it, who forbade him to profane the sacred ceremony by a second dedication, which he himself had performed many years before in honor of his blessed Mother. In testimony whereof our Saviour with his finger pierced a hole in St. David’s hand, which remained open to the view of all men till the end of the next day’s Mass. Hereupon all the preparations for consecration came to nothing, and the miracle divinely wrought being known publicly to all the hearers, increased their admiration, and in conclusion, when the mass was celebrated, St. David’s hand was restored to its former soundness.

“Little Monument.”

Note 19. p. 20.

“From Mona to Antona’s tide.”

“Mona” Isle of Man. Styled by Warton,
“distant Nurse of Song.”

Note 20. p. 20.

“Antona”—River Avon.

Note 21. p. 21.

Shone forth in “Glory” Albion’s Queen,

“Gloriana”—the presiding Nymph of Alfred’s achievements, as described by Spenser, and the type of Queen Elizabeth.

Note 22. p. 21.

“What time the matron nymph convey’d.”

In this combat, which continued almost a whole day after horrible bloodshed on both sides, King Arthur with the courage and fury of a lion, rushed into the troop where he knew Mordred was, and making way with his sword, he slew Mordred outright, and dispersed the enemy, but in the contest he himself received his death wounds, whereupon he is said to have been secretly conveyed to the Abbey of Avalon, by the charity of his noble kinswoman “Morgains,” where he died.

“Little Monument.”

See Warton’s beautiful lines on the exhumation of Arthur in the reign of Henry the second.

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Note 23. p. 22.

“Design’d to seal the Papist’s truth,”

It should seem from this legend, observes Mr. Warner, that Arthur was speculative on the doctrine of the real presence.

Note 24. p. 22.

“Where on an high and sloping down”

See this story related by Mr. Warner. Page 169.

Note 25. p. 24.

“Go seek the fane of Magdalen.”

The oratory of Mary Magdalen was placed on a small Island in the neighbourhood called “Bekery.”

Note 26. p. 25.

“There they partook of carnal food,”

Cum autem pervenisset ad hostie percepcionem, eundem puerum, Dei filium, assumpsit, percepit, masticavit; ipso percepto, et communione facta, apparuit loco, quo prius sedens illæsus et integer ille Agnus Paschalis absque omni macula.

John Glas. p. 88.

Vide Warner p. 171.

Note 27. p. 26.

“One mutilated Lion lies,”

Arthur's Coffin is supposed to have been supported by four Lions.

Note 28. p. 28.

“Banquets upon his foeman prey,”

The palm of the hand of a fallen enemy is the common prey of the victor among the Malays of Sumatra, and I believe the ceremony of eating it, to be religiously enjoined them.

Note 29. p. 31.

“Welcome Paulinus! by the voice”

Mr. Eyston reports that both St. Augustine, and Paulinus, the first Archbishop of York, in the Saxon time, and a principal person in Pope Gregory's mission, resided at Glastonbury with the Monks, and made new buildings and repairs for them.

Note 30. p. 31.

“Glaston, by Egypt's leav'n defil'd,”

Unde his temporibus in monasterio Glastonensi coepit primo eadem regula exerceri quod prius fuerat more coenobiorum Cœgypti.

John Glas. 88.

Vide Warner. p. 175.

Note 39. p. 45.

"In bow'r apart Elgiva sate,"

Edwy ventured contrary to the advice of his gravest Counsellors, and the remonstances of the most dignified Ecclesiastics to espouse this beautiful Princess, though she was within the degrees of affinity prohibited by the Canon law.

"Hume."

Note 39.* p. 49.

"But where was he, her ling'ring mate"

The six following lines were suggested by the recollection of an Epitaph in Tiverton Church, in memory of a Lady whose death happened two days subsequent to that of her Husband.

"The Turtle Dove can't long survive the fate"

"Or sad divorceement of her dearest mate,"

"So, he first dead, she stray'd awhile, and tried"

"To live without him—lik'd it not—and died."

Note 40. p. 51.

"And on the altar bad remain"

One of the Charters of King Edgar conferred on Glastonbury Abbey was, that the Monks should always be electors of their own Abbot,

who was to be chosen out of their own body, and that this privilege, as well as some others granted at the same time, might be perpetually valid, he at the delivery of them, laid his Ivory sceptre on the Virgin's Altar, after which he divided it into two pieces, lest some succeeding Abbot might dispose of it, one half whereof he left with the Abbot, reserving the other to himself.

“ Little Monument.”

Note 41. p. 52.

“ *For now expell'd by Mercia's Thane* ”

On the first intelligence of Edgar's death, Alfere, Duke of Mercia, expelled the new orders of Monks from all the Monasteries, which lay within his jurisdiction.

“ Hume.”

Note 42. p. 54.

“ *By Canute, when in pious hour* ”

According to Mr. Eyston's “ Little Monument,” King Canute about the year 1030, went to Glastonbury to see the tomb of King Edmund Ironside (whom he used to call his Brother) and bestowed upon it a very rich embroidered pall with apples of gold and pearls—The apples were evidently intended in honor of the name of “ Avalon ” whose derivation I have already explained.

Note 43. p. 55.

“Fresh from Othona’s reeking shore”

“Othona”—Hastings.

Note 44. p. 56.

“Vex’d ever by a mitred Fiend,”

Turstine, the Abbot of this time, shamefully wasted the revenues of the Abbey, and altered several of the ancient customs and statutes of the House. Among other things he compelled his Monks to lay aside the old Gregorian song, used by that Monastery time out of mind, and imposed upon them a new sort of Church song invented by one William Fiscamp a Norman—He pinched them in their diet, and in a word so tyrannized over them that they refused to submit to many of his innovations.

“Little Monument.”

Note 45. p. 57.

“Till Good Herlewinus mounts the chair,”

This good Prelate not only purchased several of the possessions that had been alienated in the Conqueror’s time from his Abbey, but likewise began to build the Church anew, which, having stood for nearly four hundred years, was beginning to decay.

Ibid.

Note 46. p. 58.

“But fully mitred Blois repairs”

Henry de Blois, from his relationship both to Henry the First and Stephen, had ample interest at Court to enable him to render great benefits to Glastonbury, which he did, not only by many costly presents, but also by obtaining the confirmation of many Manors,

Ibid.

Note 47. p. 58.

“Oh! day of all consuming fire—”

This fire happened A. D. 1171.

Note 48. p. 58.

“Fitz Stephens comes with purpose new,”

After this disaster Henry the Second sent one of his Chamberlains, Ralph Fitz Stephens, to take care of the revenues of the Abbey, who began, and in a manner finished the new church and other offices of the house.

Note 49. p. 59.

“Along Demetia’s mountains drear,”

“Demetia”—South Wales.

Note 50. p. 59.

“That shades Sabrina’s peaceful shore,”

“Sabrina”—River Severn.

Note 51. p. 59.

“How Saxons fled Valentia’s plain”

“Valentia”—Northumberland.

Note 52. p. 59.

“Brigantium’s castled walls to gain,”

“Brigantium”—York.

Note 53. p. 59.

“And how Germania’s recreant Liege”

“Germania’s Liege”—Cherdick.

Note 54. p. 59.

“Brook’d not the storm of Lindum’s siege,”

“Lindum”—Lincoln.

Note 55. p. 60.

“In triumph on Badonis’ field,”

“Badonis”—Bath—Baden Hill.

Note 56. p. 60.

“Its secret flight from Carman’s strife—”

“Carman”—now supposed to be Camerton, near Bath. All which Victories (particularly the last) Popish Authors attribute to the image of the Virgin Mary, which Arthur wore over his armour, and painted on his Standard.

Note 57. p. 63.

By fed’rate truck of blood suborn’d—”

Mr. Eyston’s account of the transaction is as follows—Henry the sixth, the then Emperor of Germany, enjoined Leopold Duke of Austria, who had taken the King prisoner, that one of the conditions of his release should be to make Savaricus, who was kin to the Emperor (and at that time in England, Archdeacon of Northampton) Bishop of Bath and Wells, and to annex the Abbotship of Glastonbury to that Bishoprick. To effect this, Henry de Saliaco, at that time Abbot of Glastonbury, was promoted to the See of Worcester, and Savaricus was preferred to the Bishoprick of Wells, having previously

consented to restore to the Crown the City of Bath. Upon the nomination of Savaricus to the Abbotship of Glastonbury, a great controversy ensued, and the Monks elected William Pica A. D. 1199. for their Abbot, but this election was very hotly contested, even to excommunication, whereupon William Pica repaired to Rome, where he died, and is supposed to have been poisoned by the means of Savaricus.

Note 58. p. 65.

“But list that sound!—it peals again—”

This Earthquake took place A. D. 1276, it threw down the Tor, and did great damage to the Abbey.

Note 59. p. 66.

“By Eleanor and Edward paid”

See Warner's History. Page 196.

Note 60. p. 71.

“Self opulent in Papal smiles,”

These orders of Friars, viz: Franciscans, Dominicans, Carmelites, and Augustines, seem to have been sent from Rome with a view of reforming by their example the extremely dissipated state of the Monks at this period.

Note 61. p. 74.

“Now long reviv’d at Fromont’s call,”

“Geoffrey Fromont,” made Abbot 1303, first began to build the great Hall and the Chapter House, the latter, a spacious apartment where the Monks met for the acknowledgement and correction of their faults, and for spiritual confession, as well as for the determination of those temporal concerns which required the consent of the whole body of members.

“Little Monument.”

Note 62. p. 74.

“The central tow’r to Tanton’s praise,”

“Walter de Tanton” his successor built the front of the choir, as well as the Central tower.

ib.

Note 63. p. 77.

“Which, had it tinkled in the chest,”

These were part of the positive terms by which Tetzel, the Dominican Inquisitor, described the benefits of Indulgences, when sent by Leo the tenth to enforce them for the support of the Teutonic Knights.

“Milner’s Church History” Vol. 4. Part 1.
Page 288.

Note 64. p. 78.

"I see him from monastic night"

"Monastic night"—the Augustine Monastery at Erfurt, where Luther not only gave the closest attention to his ecclesiastical studies, but also personally submitted to the severest discipline.

"Melancthon's Life of Luther."

Note 65. p. 79.

Aleander was appointed joint Nuncio with Eckius, in the particular affair of Luther.

"Milner's Church History" Vol. iv. part 2.

Page 463.

Note 66. p. 79.

"Let Aleander, Eckius show"

The Bull in condemnation of Luther's heresy was brought by Eckius—Though issued from the Papal Chamber June 15th. 1520, it was not published in Germany till a considerable time afterwards, and reached Wittemburg in the beginning of October.

"Melancthon's Life of Luther."

Note 67. p. 79.

"Which riv'd the second link in twain"

De Wickliff may be said to have riven the first link, and Luther the second of that superstitious bondage by which the earlier periods of English history have been so notoriously encumbered.

Note 68. p. 81.

“*T*’ avenge their Leader’s early fall,”

“The Duke of Bourbon” killed May 6th. 1527, as he was planting a scaling ladder against the walls.

Note 69. p. 82.

“*To shame a Queen, by blood allied,*”

The Emperor Charles hearkened to the applications of Catharine, his Aunt; and promising her his utmost protection, exhorted her never to yield to the malice or persecutions of her enemies.

“*Hume.*”

Note 70. p. 91.

“*And pictur’d with the grayle and cross*”“*Grayle*” Christ’s blood.

Note 71. p. 92.

“*All, all denuded cow’r— save three—*”“*Colchester, Reading, Glastonbury.*”

Note 72. p. 94.

“*Thy bounteous Chynnoke, and thy Frome;*”

John de Chynnoke elected Abbot 1374, built the Cloisters to the south of the Church, the Dormitory, and Fratery; he perfected the great Hall and Chapter House, begun by Abbot Fromont, and also purchased several meadows for the recreation of the Monks.

“*Warner’s History p. 210.*”

Note 73. p. 94.

“Thy bounteous Chynnoke, and thy Frome;”

Nicholas de Frome built the Domus Misericordiæ, the Abbot's great audience Chamber, and many other needful offices — He lived to the advanced age of a hundred, and died after a reign of thirty-six years, A. D. 1456.

Ibid. p. 211.

Note 74. p. 95.

“The spirit of thy later Brere;”

This Abbot elected 1493, erected the lodgings of the secular Priests, arched the aisles of the great Church, and began St. Edgar's Chapel on the south side of it. He founded an Almshouse, and Chapel, north of the Abbey, for women, and also that of the Lady of Loretto.

“Avalonian Guide.”

Abbot Brere, with others, was sent Ambassador to Rome, A. D. 1503, to congratulate Pius the third, on his election, and to pay his and the nation's obedience to the holy see.

Harpsfield's Hist. Eccles. p. 648.

Note 75. p. 95.

“The next—the last—thy Whiting comes;”

Mr. Eyston reports that at home Abbot Whiting's table, attendance, and officers were an honor to the nation — When he went abroad, which he seldom did but to national synods, general chapters, and to Parliament, he was attended by nearly six score persons. Weekly upon Wednesdays and Fridays all the poor in the country were relieved by his particular charity.

Note 76. p. 96.

“ His wealth, domain, and tutelage ?—”

His apartment in the Abbey was a kind of well disciplined Court, where the sons of Noblemen and Gentlemen were sent for virtuous education.

Note 77. p. 96.

“ To Glaston turns his pensive path—”

That he should have been dismissed, and suffered to go at large after refusing to sign the surrender of his Abbey, makes the subsequent execution of Whiting doubly atrocious.

Note 78. p. 97.

“ He hangs two faithful friends between, ”

The Treasurer, and under Treasurer of the Abbey, “ John Thorne, and Roger James.”

Note 79. p. 97.

“ Fragments of Glory, shreds of Ind, ”

It is not worth while enumerating all the sacred reliques of Avalon. There were many referring to the Old Testament, viz: some of

the Manna in the Wilderness, of the Remains of Daniel, of the dust of the three children cast into the fiery furnace, and one bone of one of the three, &c.—Some of those referring to the New, were fragments of the stable in which Christ was born, of the Mantle in which he was swathed, part of the gold offered to him by the Magi, one of the water pots of the Marriage in Cana, one of the thorns of our Saviour's crown, and some of the stones on which he stood when he ascended into Heaven, &c.

“ For a further list of these see Warner's History, p. lxii.

Note 80. p. 98.

“ *Thy gorgeous horologe points there*”

This Clock, now in the north transept of Wells Cathedral, was made by one of the Monks of Glastonbury. The dial plate is divided into twenty-four hours, exhibiting the diurnal and nocturnal time, with the solar, lunar, and other astronomic motions.

“ *Avalonian Guide.*”

Above the dial plate is an apparatus consisting of two pieces of curved wood, which bear four figures (two on each piece) equipped for tournament, and so contrived by the wheel which connects it with the clock, as to continue crossing each other with great rapidity, as if running at the ring, and striking at every hour.

“ *Warner's Hist. p. li.*”

MINOR POEMS.

MINOR POEMS.

— LINES TO AN INDIAN FRIEND. —

Where the streaky morning breaks,
And his round the Shepherd takes,
Where the purple heather blows,
And the fern expanded grows,
Where the rich and fragrant broom
Pours its flood of golden bloom,
Where the whortleberry creeps,
And the scarlet lichen peeps,
There I've marked a path for thee,
When thou com'st, my friend, to me.

Where the twisted bugle far
Winds the matin note of war,
Where o'er plain so parch'd and drear
Bounds the wild affrighted deer,
Where the fox, so coy and still,
Crouches 'neath the craggy hill,
And the bear of sluggish hoof
Stands upon the rock aloof,
There our way, my friend, hath been
O'er that strange and barren scene.

Where at noon the herd is laid
'Neath the weeping alder's shade,
And the holly, green and bright,
Glitters in the silvery light,
Where the tangled boughs among
Tunes the thrush her trembling song,
And the ivy's velvet cloak
Mantles round the sinewy oak,
There I've mark'd a path for thee,
When thou com'st, my friend, to me.

Where beneath the prickly brake
Sleeps the coil'd and freckled snake,
And the lizard rest doth find
On the bamboo's knotted rind,
Where the paroquet on high
From the palm repeats her cry,
And the squirrel, pied with brown,
Smooths his breast of snowy down,
There our way, my friend, hath been
O'er that strange and chequer'd scene.

Where at evening sounds the horn
Joyful o'er the gather'd corn,
And the reaper homeward goes,
Chanting blithe, to seek repose,
Where, with sage and sullen scowl,
Flits the lone and pond'rous owl,
And the watch dogs' distant bark
Speaketh of approaching dark,
There I've mark'd a path for thee,
When thou com'st, my friend, to me.

Where upon the vaporous marsh
Croaks the frog in discord harsh,
And countless flies from fiery wing
Light around the traveller fling,
Where the paddy bird doth stand,
Queen of every watery land,
And with alabaster plumes
At eve the shadow'd sedge illumines,
There our path, my friend, hath been
O'er that strange and chequer'd scene.

Where beside the ember pale
Tells the Moor his chivalrous tale,
And the jetty maidens take
Pastime in the festive wake,
Where the jackal guard doth keep
O'er the new sepulchral heap,
And the wolf, with dismal howl,
'Neath the moon-beam loves to prowl,
There our way, my friend, hath been
O'er that strange and chequer'd scene.

We together oft have trod
 Burning sand, and swampy sod,
 And on palfrey swift and bold
 Chas'd the wild boar from his hold,
 We have stemm'd the torrent's tide,
 We have rov'd the Ocean wide,
 We have reach'd our journey's end,
 We have wept our parted friend,
 And in all the war of life
 We have shar'd one common strife ;

Now no longer we will sigh
 For our fresh and native sky,
 Now no longer we will roam
 From our dear enchanting home,
 Where Affection leaning by
 Beams with soft and liquid eye,
 Where the cup of Joy and Health
 Savours not of Eastern wealth,
 But Content and Plenty pour
 Blessings on our social hour.

IN MEMORY OF AN OFFICER SHOT ON PARADE
BY ONE OF HIS OWN MEN, WHO WAS
EXECUTED FOR THE CRIME.

At dawn upon a river's bank,
Glitt'ring in golden pride,
On bended knee a Moslem sank,
And thus to Allah cried.

“ Oh ! Allah ! Allah ! thou’rt my Lord,
“ My only God art thou,
“ And thou the Herald of his word,
“ Mahommet, hear my vow !

“ Thrice bow’d beneath the wave I kneel,
“ Now, fallen thrice before thee,
“ I’ll grasp thy book with purest zeal,
“ And silently adore thee”—

The orison was scarcely past,
When from the distant plain
Full on his ear the bugle’s blast
Muster’d the martial train—

And where is now His cleansed hand
Fresh from the crystal flood ?
Full sure it speeds the leaden brand—
To spill a Christian's blood—

And thou, my true and trusty friend,
Where is thy spirit gone ?—
It weeps th' Assassin's shameful end
Before the Saviour's throne ;

For there thy bosom pure and meek
May pity still retain,
While *he* in saddest pray'r may seek
His Allah's grace in vain—

Bouts Rimés.

In a deep wood I found a nameless stream,
Whispering sweet music doth it idly flow,
And on its banks a thousand flow'rets grow,
Whose many hued reflections 'neath the beam
Of noontide sun in rich confusion play;
And sometimes doth the stately swan float by,
Sometimes in troops the antler'd stags draw nigh,
Quench their deep thirst, then lightly bound away;
Myriads of birds at Evening's balmy hour
Its willowy bowers with broken music fill,
And all things lovely seek the happy rill,
Lend it their charms, and feel its soothing power—
Oh ! that my life might thus serenely glide,
Reflecting peaceful images on its pure tide.

Bouts Rimés.

How sweet to look on thee, thou silvery stream,
As through this vale thy eddying currents flow,
Where willows weep, and dew-eyed violets grow
In fullest fragrance 'neath the noon tide beam—
Scenes of delight! where now in boyish play
I watch each scaly tribe, that glitters by
Spurning the proffer'd bait, or lingering nigh
Cull the wild rose, then dash the flower away
To dance upon thy bosom—Happy hour!
While all is peace—but Winter soon shall fill
Thy banks with desolation; when each rill
Shall lie unheeded 'neath its freezing pow'r,
And, where thy sunny waves now love to glide,
Teach me the fatal truth of life's uncertain tide.

TO THE HAREBELL.

Sweet Flow'r ! tho' many a ruthless storm
Sweep fiercely o'er thy slender form,
And many a sturdier plant may bow
In death beneath the tempest's blow,
Submissive thou, in pensive guise,
Uninjur'd by each gale shalt rise,
And, deck't with innocence, remain
The fairest Tenant of the plain—
So, conscious of its lowly state,
Trembles the heart assail'd by Fate,
Yet, when the fleeting blast is o'er,
Settles as tranquil as before,
While the proud breast no peace shall find,
No refuge, for a troubled mind.

THOUGHTS ON A WINTER'S EVENING.

January 24th 1823.

Stern Winter now, with fleecy wreath
And shiver'd mantle dight,
Stalks through the desert sky, beneath
The pale Moon's gloomy light ;

The reckless blast drives o'er the plain,
Now holds the storm aloof,
Now vainly strives a breach to gain
Within our shelt'ring roof ;

Oppos'd with noisy force the bar
To this tempestuous rout,
Hath music in its very jar
That mocks the war without ;

Yet whilst light mirth and laughter keen
Our careless hours employ,
A secret pray'r will come between,
And mingle in our joy,

A thought for those who scarce may find
 Rest on the raging deep,
 Doom'd 'neath the Pole's inclement wind
 Their cheerless watch to keep !

The native board they lately grac'd
 With scanty smiles is drest,
 By sudden sense of danger chas'd,
 Not spoken, yet exprest..

Lo ! Science waits on Albion's strand
 To greet her chosen crew,
 And twines the wreath with trembling hand
 To patriot Courage due—

Soon may their glorious meed be won !
 Thro' many a joyous year
 Long may their earthly course be run,
 A peaceful, calm career,
 Still smoothly flowing on to where
 The promis'd harbour lies,
 Supreme reward of toil and care,
 'Mid pure, unclouded skies !

ON THE GRAVE OF A SUICIDE.

Here, on this rude, unconsecrated ground
No sculptur'd stone thy graceless name declares,
No pious token, save this way-worn mound,
The lasting record of thy ruin bears.

Alas ! for thee none toll'd the passing knell,
With decent turf none cloth'd thy shapeless tomb,
But as a land mark of thy grave they tell,
Unpitiful, or unconscious of thy doom.

Deluded ! who with self destructive hand
Could'st seek in Death a balm for mortal ill,
Unmindful that the deed by *Him* is scann'd,
Who hath to give and take, alike the will.

To thy sad mem'ry be this tablet rear'd,
And this the tribute to thy desp'rate fame—
“ *Stranger ! here lies, who though to live he fear'd,*
“ *Yet dar'd to die, and meet his God with shame.*”

LINES OCCASIONED BY THE SUDDEN DEATH
OF A POOR OLD WOMAN.

She pass'd me—and though bent her form,
And haggard was her mien,
As one who through Life's billowy storm
No sunshine hour had seen,

Though with a sad uplifted eye
She bless'd me as she went,
Methought her speech and lengthen'd sigh
No *real* feeling meant;

But since she through this vale of woe
Has clos'd her dim career,
I oft on her a thought bestow,
And wish her pray'r sincere;

For many a word in earnest said
May go unheeded by,
Till Death has on its mem'ry laid
A lasting sanctity.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ASCENSION ISLAND.

I stood upon Ascension's Isle,
That dark and dreary spot,
Where herb or flower rarely smile,
To cheer her friendless lot—

Bituminous and shapeless rose
The craggy scene around,
Unwaken'd was its dread repose
By living form or sound,

Save where along the height, o'ercast
With blue of solemn shade,
I'll sated with his sear repast,
The meager Chamois stray'd,

Or where, some omen dire to bring
Far o'er the watery way,
The Albatross his silvery wing
Turn'd to the orb of Day—

Onward I trod a rude defile
 With slaty fragments strew'd,
 And scarce had through one tedious mile
 My dubious path pursu'd,

 When lo ! a glen beneath me lay,
 Clasp'd by the rock's embrace,
 The stunted shrub its tangled spray
 Swept o'er that lonely place;

 Then soon upon mine ear there fell
 A keen and piteous cry,
 Discordant as the Jackal's yell,
 Whose hunted prey is nigh ;

 There many a sea fowl near her brood
 Her clam'rous round began,
 Or o'er them in defiance stood,
 And brav'd th' approach of Man ;

 It was a sight most rare to see
 Beneath each rocky heap
 Those birds, by nature wild and free,
 Such fearless vigil keep ;

And thus methought " Thy guardian hand
 Oh Lord ! who shall arraign ?
Which shields alike the desert land,
 Or clothes the golden plain—

For these thy creatures safety find
 Here 'neath thy shelt'ring pow'r,
While, scar'd by Man, the tamer kind
 Oft fly the closest bow'r."

THE MOTHER'S INVOCATION FROM HEAVEN
TO HER CHILD.

“ Come, come, put on th' immortal robe,
“ Unloose each earthly tether,
“ And we will tread the starry globe
“ On joyous feet together ;

“ I'll show thee where the Morning, red
“ With never fading hue,
“ Shall ope her lap, with roses spread
“ Beneath thy nearer view ;

“ I'll show thee where the Sun his beam
“ Pours forth with endless light,
“ So radiant, that by it may seem
“ Thy present day as night ;

“ I'll lead thee where thy crown is hung
“ To greet thy coming day,
“ And where thy golden harp is strung
“ To join the Seraph's lay.

“ Come then put on th’ immortal robe,
 “ Unloose each earthly tether,
 “ And we will tread the starry globe
 “ On joyous feet together.”

She thus invok’d—an Angel heard—
 And in th’ ethereal hall
 Before the throne of Grace preferr’d
 The Mother’s gentle call—

On balmy wing no sooner went
 The Messenger of Peace,
 Than o’er the pining Babe he bent,
 And gave its soul release;

Swiftly return’d, his charge he laid
 Upon the Parent’s breast,
 When thus o’erjoy’d the sainted shade
 Receiv’d her welcome guest—

“ And art thou come, my darling Child?
 “ How sweetly chang’d thy face!
 “ When last we met, it faintly smil’d,
 “ As if my pain to chase,

“ But now with bliss unfeigned bounds
“ Thy spirit pure and free,
“ And thou shalt learn more holy sounds
“ Than e'er I've sung to thee,

“ For here thou wear'st th' immortal robe,
“ Loos'd from each earthly tether,
“ And we will wake the starry globe
“ With new made songs together.”

THE GREEN-HOUSE.

With judgment nice arrang'd by Emma's hands
In new made soil the verdant phalanx stands,
To blossom in their crystal tent consign'd,
Nor frost they fear, nor feel the chilling wind;
Each on its proper post contented smiles,
Each by its name the painted billet styles;
With crown of Glory to the Rose allied,
Above Camelia's reign in lordly pride,
Here blends the fav'rite of the Cyprian Queen
Her grateful perfume, and her emerald green,
Beneath, exulting on their sawlike stems,
The juicy Cactus bears her specious gems,
Here Arums hold on high the silv'ry vase,
Geraniums there in varied colour blaze,
Whilst arid Heaths their purple bloom display,
Or seeks the Heliotrope the golden ray;
Here at th' intrusive touch Mimosas quail,
And Jasmines breathe Constantia's spicy gale,
The Cereus there its bristly tail extends,

And Cyclamen in pensive beauty bends,
Below each Saxifrage obsequious lies,
And meek Dissandra drops her yellow eyes,
Around fair Climbers clothe the trellis wall,
Or pendent from the sloping ceiling fall,
Where bursts the Clematis its tender sheath,
And rich Bignonias twine the trumpet wreath,
Anon the Passion flow'r uplifts the cross,
And waxen Hoyas hang in varnish'd gloss—
A fairer sight ne'er greets the human eye,
Where meets each denizen of ev'ry sky,
While these with brilliancy inod'rous rise,
To those less showy scent its charm supplies,
Yet all enjoy an undisputed sway,
And gladly beam beneath the orb of Day—
E'en thus, whene'er arrives that golden time
When every heart shall in one worship chime,
United Nations will in peace rejoice,
And laud their Maker with one holy voice.

SPRING.

Sweet is the perfume of the dewy flowers
Call'd forth to blush beneath the Morning's gleam,
When racy breezes chase nocturnal showers,
And all things with regenerate beauty teem,
'Tis sweet to watch the Spring's returning beam
Slackening the bond of Winter's icy chain,
When Nature, starting from her sullen dream
To sense of conscious life, invokes again
Her long neglected charms, to crown her happy reign—

'Tis sweet to loiter o'er the rapturous scene,
And list the song that breaks from every bush,
The linnet breathing through her leafy screen
Her note, half silenc'd by the merry thrush,
To catch at intervals the headlong rush
Hoarsely re-echoing from some far cascade,
Or, rippling down its pebbled course, the gush
Of nearer streamlet, chequer'd by the shade
Of th' alder's waving arms, or reed's high
quivering blade—

Who, pondering on the modest Snowdrop's prime,
 The earliest gem in Flora's tiar seen,
 On his mind's tablet pictures not the time
 Of golden fruits, and Summer's liveliest green?—
 Who, though the victim of unbending spleen,
 Shrinks from the touch that wakes the vernant bow'r,
 Who stoopeth not some shred of Hope to glean
 From Earth's replenish'd lap, nor fain would pour
 A prayer for brighter sense, to gild each future hour?—

Poor, blighted offspring of that rankling soil
 Where all is sear on Sorrow's rugged way,
 Forth renovated leave thy frozen coil,
 And bask awhile beneath this golden day,
 Come, quaff the joy which fills each vocal spray,
 Or tempts the hive o'er bloomy fields to rove,
 Breathes in each form new life, and chides delay,
 While reptile atoms into being move,
 And rifle every juice, that swells the budding grove.

The gray haze lingers on the distant hill,
 Which dimly glimmers through its slender veil,

Adown whose shadowy verge the trembling rill
 Or glistening Cot illumes the smiling dale,
 Cool emerald hues the weary eye regale
 That finds repose upon the sleepy mead,
 Where strolling flocks the odorous morn inhale,
 And groups of kine in meekest silence feed,
 Or gambols, free to range, the swift exulting steed.

Come forth ! the sportive fly on fitful wing
 Hums round the lattic'd porch, the bustling flight
 Of new born swarms with ceaseless murmuring
 Rouses the sluggard soul to fresh delight,
 The lark, scarce kenn'd in Heav'ns cerulean height,
 Triumphant dwells upon her matin lay,
 Anon, with simple chirp, on pinion light
 The white throat flits athwart the traveller's way,
 Who plodding on, with song salutes the opening day ;

The earliest swallow skims the weedy pool,
 Or near the casement frames its earthy cell,
 Of every mimic child the ridicule,
 I hear the cuckoo's soft dissyllable,

The mocking woodpecker along the dell,
 Its undulating flight and laugh renewa,
 The amorous Hours the crafty rook impel
 For useful spoil o'er scatter'd fields to cruise,
 And in the medley choir its hoarser notes infuse.

New rambling onward to that burnish'd stream,
 Whose placid current laves the sedgy shore,
 More clearly viewed beneath the noontide beam,
 The scaly tenants of each depth explore;
 With closely peering eye enraptur'd pore,
 On all that dallies there—how calmly gay !
 And take thy draught of contemplative store
 From the still waters, on whose margent play
 Small palpitating flowers, that woo the Zephyr's stay.

The fragrant lily, bath'd in silvery light,
 Smiles, as the Moon upon her liquid sphere,
 The dainty trout shoots by, profusely bright,
 Gregarious minnows round the shallow veer—
 The pearly dace, the dappled loach appear—
 The pike sleeps stretch'd in rushy ambuscade,

Anon the yellow gosling twitters near,
 Or stately swan floats down the winding glade
 'Mid the full chaunt of birds, that crowd the willow
 shade.

How at this halcyen hour the ear and eye
 On all by turns with admiration dwell!—
 The sail of shallop passing peacefully,
 The gleamy oar, the soft air's dimpling swell,
 The bleat of lambs, the sheepfold's distant bell,
 The flirting rail, the moorhen's dashing plume,
 Or splendid kingfisher, that frameth well
 Her curious nest inweav'd on fishy loom,
 Or doth on some lone twig her silent seat resume—

And when the dewy Eve the water steeps
 In purple light, and all is sleeping nigh,
 Save where the trout its eager gambol keeps,
 Or drowsy bat on leathern wing wheels by,
 How sweet 'tis here the care-trod path to fly
 Through Life's hot day with restless aim pursued,
 To view the nether deep, the Heav'ns on high
 With gladsome stars alike serenely strew'd,
 And be the feeling part of this blest quietude.

THE DANCING GIRL'S SONG BEFORE
TIPPOO SULTAN.

Tippoo Sultan ! who shall dare
Be as thou art rich and great ?
Can ten thousand Camels bear
Half the wealth of Tippoo's state ?

Is thy gold and silken car
Like thee glorious, fair, and bright ?—
Prompt in council, bold in war,
Vindicate thy Father's right !

When the scarlet Host is near
Thou shalt bid thy thunders roar,
Thou shalt stretch thy sword and spear
O'er the highlands of Mysore.

Tippoo Sultan ! thou shalt tread
On the pale *Feringy's head,

* Englishman.

Thou shalt lay Golcondah low,
 Thou shalt crush each foreign foe—
 By thy walls in silv'ry pride
 Cavery's sunny waters glide,
 Rolling onward to Tanjore,
 Queen of craft and classic lore,
 Now they borrow from thy face
 Fresher beams their path to grace,
 Now they in thy pow'r rejoice,
 Flowing on with babbling voice—

Cavery's waters ! whilst ye may,
 Flow in peace, and babble on,
 Ere upon the battle's day
 Ye with Christians' blood shall run—

They shall fly the mighty shock
 By thy cannon's thunder driven,
 Reeling, falling, as a rock,
 By the flashing lightning riven,

Whilst to clash of gun and pike,
 Strown on Cavery's crimson flood,

Songs of triumph we will strike,
Where the British banner stood.

Then shall rise in loud acclaim
Roundelay to Tippoo's name,
Then shall many a Sylph prepare
Perfume for her ebon hair,
Perfume prest in fairy bow'rs
From orange, rose, and jasmine flow'rs,
Then above the spangled vest
They shall heave the throbbing breast,
And in slow harmonious dance
Pour the smile, and melting glance,
Now the polish'd arm extending,
Now with courtesy lowly bending,
Oft commingling music sweet
With their gemm'd and silv'ry feet,
Meanwhile fragrant clouds shall break
From the hookah's gorgeous snake,
And along the alleys steal
Fumes of amber, and pastille,

And the *mica clear and bright
 Gleam with rich and varied light,
 There the spicy sweetmeat too
 And sherbet shall the lip bedew—
 Tippoo Sultan ! these shall be
 Scenes of thy festivity.

Tippoo Sultan ! who shall dare
 Be as thou art rich and great ?
 Can ten thousand camels bear
 Half the wealth of Tippoo's state ?

Is thy gold and silken car
 Like thee glorious, fair, and bright ?
 Prompt in council, bold in war,
 Vindicate thy Father's right !

* Used in Moorish festivities as a substitute for glass in making transparencies.

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